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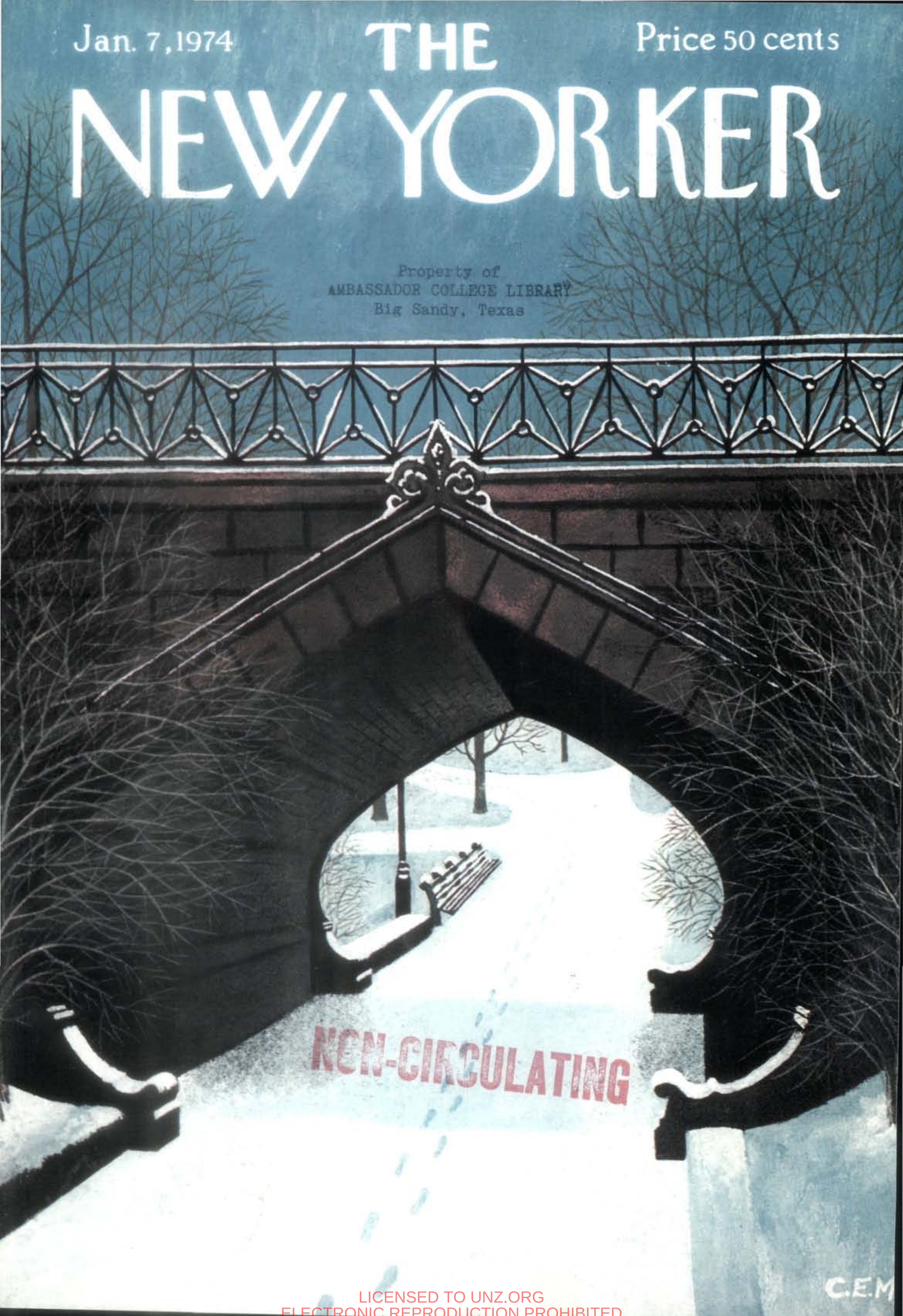

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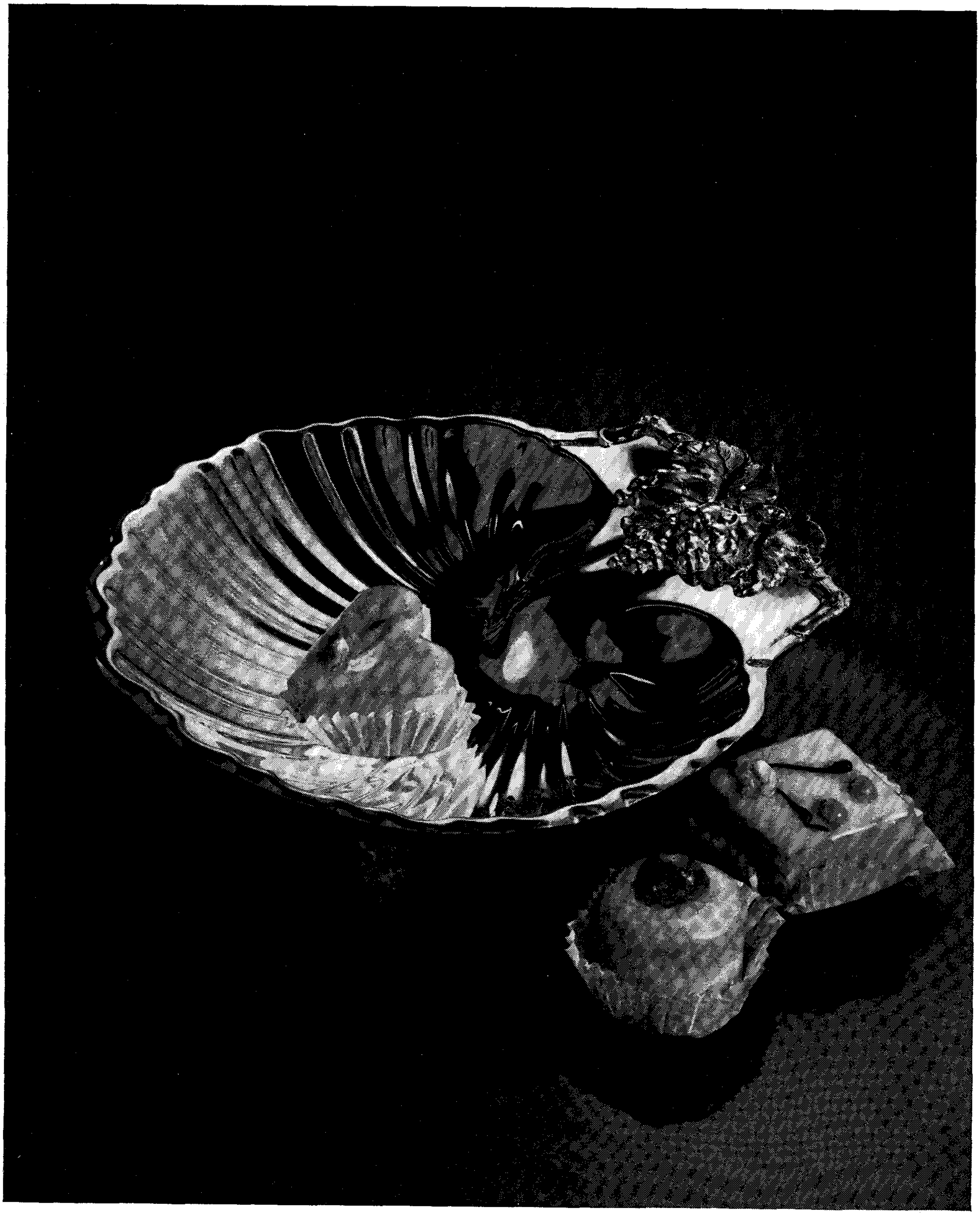

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, there is the possibility of an Off Broadway Actors Equity strike next week, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules drastically if it comes to pass. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Au Pair Man—Julie Harris and Charles Durning in a marvellous comedy by Hugh Leonard, who makes the English language frisk about as if newborn. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Candide—A revival of the Broadway musical. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince, a long, long way from home, directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

City Center Acting Company—Final performances of a four-week repertory of four plays. James Saunders' **NEXT TIME I'LL SING TO YOU**, directed by Marian Seldes: Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **MEASURE FOR MEASURE**, directed by John Houseman: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Chekhov's **THE THREE SISTERS**, directed by Boris Tumarin: Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 2; Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 8; and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 8. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

Find Your Way Home—Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, Lee Richardson, and John Ramsey make up the cast of this play written by John Hopkins and imported from London. Edwin Sherin directed. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Flies—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gigi—One has been here before, not once but many times. Still, the sets and costumes are lovely, and the cast is amiable. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Marsha Mason—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays—except Jan. 2—and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. No performances Wednesday evening, Jan. 2; Thursday matinée, Jan. 3, and Friday evening, Jan. 4.)

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Mein Mama der General—A *third* Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. No performances Wednesday evening, Jan. 2; Thursday matinée, Jan. 3; and Friday evening, Jan. 4.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's lachrymose, repetitive celebration of down-and-outers and their protective pipe-dreams. James Earl Jones heads the big and able cast. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Miracle Play—Robert Guillaume and Louise Stubbs in a play by Joyce Carol Oates. The first in this season's New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. Thursday through Monday, Jan. 3-7, at 7:30. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst in a five-week engagement of Eugene O'Neill's last play. Directed by José Quintero. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

More Than You Deserve—A musical with a book by Michael Weller, who, together with the composer, Jim Steinman, also wrote the lyrics. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 3. (Public, 425

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DRAWINGS: *Charles Saxon, Charles Addams, James Stevenson, George Price, Mort Gerberg, Lee Lorenz, Kenneth Mahood, William Steig, Joseph Mirachi, Charles Barsotti, George Booth, Robert Weber, Warren Miller, Stan Hunt, Dana Fradon, Edward Koren, Henry Martin, Al Ross*

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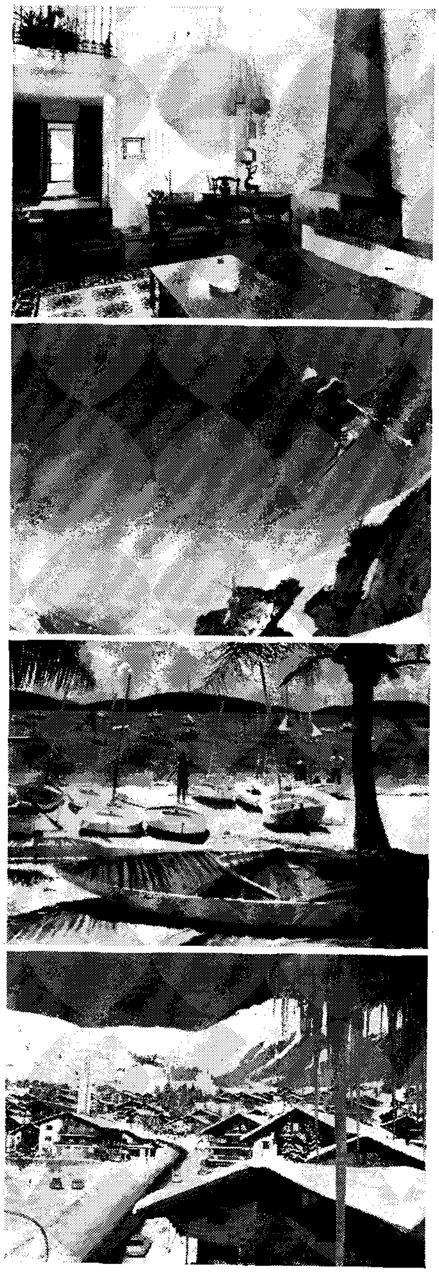

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—An eleven-week engagement. Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's **HOLIDAY**, directed by Michael Montel: Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, Jan. 4, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER**, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 7-8, at 7:30; Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2 and 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.)

The Pajama Game—How welcome the old songs are, how unwelcome the book! The cast, headed by Cab Calloway, Barbara McNair, and Hal Linden, is charming and full of zest. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Raisin—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

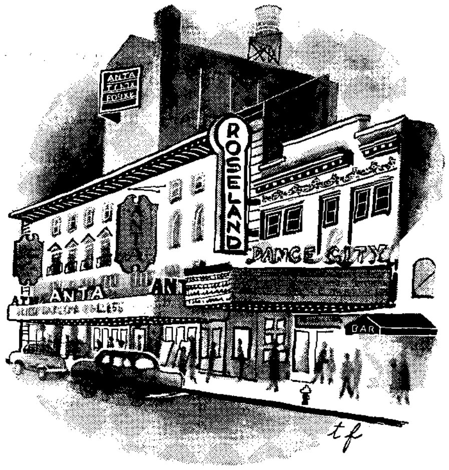
Scott and Zelda—Nicholas Pryor and Kathryn Loder in a play by Paul Hunter, directed by Herbert Machiz. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Jan. 7, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 2.)

The Tooth of Crime—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5. No performances Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,697 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and, except Jan. 2, at 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; starting Monday, Jan. 7, the curtain time will be 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of acerbic old clowns in a characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—**THE NUTCRACKER:** Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 2-4, at 6; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2 and 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Irish Fantasy.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: "La Source," "Une Porte et un Soupir" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Serenade in A," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—Final performances of a three-week engagement by a company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 3—Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "Napoli," "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Napoli," "Apollo," "The Maids," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Moor's Pavane," "At Midnight," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2 and 8: "Billy the Kid" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:30, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8: An unnamed ballet (première), "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "Naked Leopard," "Dawn Dazzled Door," and "Classic Kite Tails.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2: "Greek Dreams, with Flute" (New York première), "Black Lake," and "Cantilever." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Emily Frankel—Performing her visualization and interpretation of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Jan. 4, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

Josephine Baker—With a dance company, a gospel group, and an orchestra, in a one-week engagement. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 2-4, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Wonderful World of Horses—A dozen Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Arabians, Andalusians, Palominos, American saddlebreds, American Albinos, Morgans, quarter horses, and Appaloosas. Opens Thursday, Jan. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 13. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley, Anna Galmarini, and Sashi Kuchiki. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 8, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and

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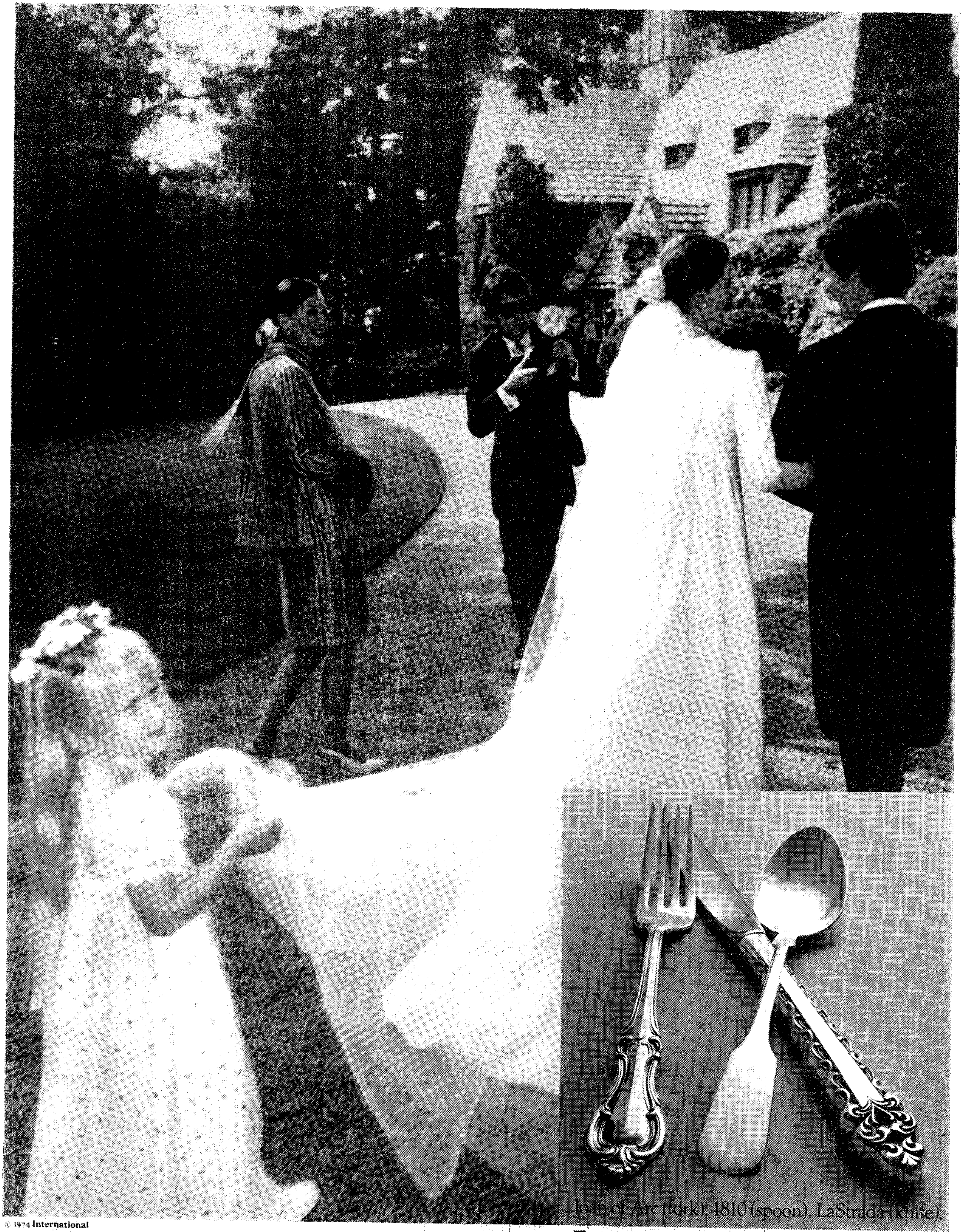

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Duke Ellington—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with an orchestra. Nightly at nine and eleven-fifteen, through Saturday, Jan. 5.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio. From ten, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 8.

Dizzy Gillespie—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quintet. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty (Saturdays from nine).

Tyree Glenn—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trombone and vibes, with a septet. Nightly, from eight to one-thirty, through Saturday, Jan. 5.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet, at ten, through Sunday, Jan. 6.

Jonah Jones—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole. Nightly, from eight, beginning Monday, Jan. 7.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Jerome Kern on Sunday, Jan. 6, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Vocals, with blues-and-country-inspired backing. Starting Thursday, Jan. 10, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Sonny Stitt—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Saxophone, leading a trio, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, at ten.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz. The John Foster trio holds forth on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Monday, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar period pieces. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to Mount Airy, a country band. Through Monday, Jan. 7. Trumpeter Hugh Masekela, the South African Herb Alpert, arrives with a band on Wednesday, Jan. 9. Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. In spite of its obstructing pillars and a glare from the kitchen that pours out every time the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked, and attracts most of the attention. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, whose work shows the heavy influence of Charlie Parker, heads up a quintet on Wednesday, Jan. 2. Closed Mondays.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and respectful ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Stationed there through Saturday, Jan. 5, are guitarist Joe Beck and bassist Herb Bushler, playing subtle and lyrical duets. Guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange friendly rallies beginning Monday, Jan. 7. Al Haig, who was breaking new musical ground in the forties and fifties and who sounds as fresh and inventive as many of the younger keyboard players around now, provides Sunday music. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Mary Lou Williams, who remains one of the most vigorous and fluid of keyboard artists, works with Fender bassist Milton Suggs at nine-thirty every night except Sunday and Monday. Julius Monk is at the piano providing cocktail music nightly, except Sundays. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-two-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr, trombonist Mathew Gee, Sam Woodyard on drums, and Paul Quinichette on tenor sax play Wednesdays through Saturdays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a traditional foursome, takes over Sundays through Tuesdays. Music from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer and pianist Rose Murphy does a variety of songs, including her old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "Button Up Your Overcoat," in her unchanged tiny, little-girl voice. Bassist Morris Edwards backs her up nightly from eight to one. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Sounds from nine. Sundays are set aside for a hootenanny, and Mondays are silent.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 6, from four-thirty to seven-thirty, Larkins and Hall will play Jerome Kern compositions. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams from nine-thirty on Mondays, and from six to nine Mondays through Fridays singer-pianist Tad Bruce reigns over these tiny quarters. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates the guitar duo of Jimmy De Angelis and Ron Andriulli through Saturday, Jan. 5. Guitarist Carl Thompson plays on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 6-7. On Tuesday, Jan. 8, guitarist Wayne L. Wright and electric bassist Jay Leonhart begin collaborating. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. For recently nightclubbing has reacquired something of its old cachet, and the Half Note is now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. The still formidable Dizzy Gillespie sparks his quintet, which alternates with Atilla Zoller, solo guitarist. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, various performers are on hand from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Monday and Wednesday (Jim Roberts takes over on Wednesday). Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A three-story restaurant complex. The main-floor dining room, square and barnlike, adjoins a circular bar where pianist Barry Harris and bassist Lawrence Evans are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz—if only one could hear it over the frantic convention of voices. Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. Comic Chris Rush delivers his oneliners through Sunday, Jan. 6. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Two rock bands—the Shout Band and Valentine—commandeer the amps through Monday, Jan. 7. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Blues singer and guitarist Paul Jeremiah holds forth Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 3-8. On Thursday, Jan. 10, Tracy Nelson, a fine singer with a rich, deep range, and Mother Earth, a blues-and-country aggregation from Texas via Tennessee, perform their satisfying down-home music. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. Pianist Teddy Wilson, who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday nearly forty years ago, does well enough by himself, too. He's currently leading a trio that consists of bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. The bluesy Junior Mance trio plays Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A genuinely exotic nightspot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, singing waiters, and forties campiness. Peter Allen, an amiable singer and songwriter from Australia, trades sets with singer Gale Garnett, through Saturday, Jan. 5. Singer Linda Hopkins begins a stint here on Tuesday, Jan. 8. Shows start at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Monday nights are showcases for other burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by saxman Zoot Sims and guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and their satisfying collaborations from nine-thirty until one. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Drummer Harold White works with his trio on Thursday, Jan. 3. On Fridays and Saturdays, a trio led by vibraharpist David Friedman keeps things moving. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini performs with a bassist on Sunday, Jan. 6. Music from ten to three-thirty.

Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—Thirty-nine floors up (but not at all rarefied), this large, rectangular Stouffer's affords striking aerial views of Fifth Avenue and pleasant music. Singer-pianist Emme Kemp and her trio provide the latter through Saturday, Jan. 5. Another singer and pianist, Boby Wetherbee, who has a strong following in Boston, where he usually works, comes in on Tuesday, Jan. 8. Music from nine to one. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The spacious upper deck, with its wooden booths, tables, chairs, and beams, is featuring Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, performances by the great saxophonist Sonny Stitt, heading up a trio. Working opposite Stitt and appearing alone on the bill on the following Friday and Saturday (Jan. 11-12), is Isis, the eight-person swing-rock assemblage that has lately been attracting considerable attention. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now thirty-nine) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones leads a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 6. On Tuesday, Jan. 8, pianist Bill Evans starts playing heady games with his trio. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, and company provide Monday-night services. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Tyree Glenn septet (with Norman Simmons on piano, and with Carrie Smith handling the vocals) is taking turns with the Peppi Morreale trio in the **royal box.** On Monday, Jan. 7, the Jonah Jones quartet (with drummer Cozy Cole) will start performing in place of the Glenns. Dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café,** from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Joseph Murello plays cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, the **persian room** is presenting singers June Valli and Jim Merchant. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, the Duke Ellington band has the floor at dinner and supper. Monday, Jan. 7, is opening night for the singing Barry Sisters. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view is presenting the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday, when guest performers appear.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Stephen Antonakos—Drawings for his neon sculptures. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Bowling—Two shows of large abstract paintings. Through Jan. 13. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Fritz Bultman—Thirty painted paper collages done between 1964 and the present. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Camacho—Hard-edge paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rackstraw Downes—Landscapes of Maine and New York. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Drachler—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 19. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—A large show, rich in ready-mades, drawings collages, assemblages, prints, and posters, which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Jan. 31. Closed Monday through Saturday, Jan. 7-12. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Fifteen oils. Through Feb. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur Elias—Still-life paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fangor—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Jan. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Elias Friedensohn—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Gay (1856-1937)—Paintings of interiors of famous buildings in France, by an American expatriate. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Friday, Jan. 11. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Horst Janssen—Etchings by a German artist; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Iris Kaplan—Expressionistic figure paintings. Starts Friday, Jan. 4. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles E. Martin—Watercolors. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Sixty figurative bronzes, including a new series of ballet studies. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

David Rabinowitch—Two steel sculptures on the floor. Through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Avedisian, Hoyland, Wesley, and others. Through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: American landscape artists of the nineteenth century, among them Cole, Bierstadt, and Durand. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **kornblee,** 58 E. 79th St.: Neil Anderson, Thelma Appel, Susan Crile, Louis Jones, Kay Kurt, and Ira Richer. Through Friday, Jan. 4. . . . **raydon,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics from the Renaissance to the present. Through Jan. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **shepherd,** 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Joseph Beuys—Editions of objects, photographs, and documents by a German Conceptualist. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Colette—An environmental work of fabric and resin. Through Feb. 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—Paintings from the thirties. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irwin Fleminger—Surrealist watercolors and collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Red Grooms—A show of new work that will run concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ira Joel Haber / Hugh Kepets—Miniature sculptures of landscapes. / Realistic pencil drawings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony Harrison—Color abstractions. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings from 1936 to 1940. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ian Hornak—Realistic landscapes and portraits. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—An environmental work. Through

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Tuesday, Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings from 1945 to the present. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Paintings of Ireland, Italy, and Maine. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **janis**, 6 W 57th St.: Paintings, from 1906 to 1971, by outstanding French artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and drawings of Canada, Alaska, and the Arctic, some by well-known artists, some by amateurs. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30). . . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings on the theme of the city by, principally, Louis Lozowick, Ralston Crawford, and George Ault. Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

George Brecht—Works from 1957 to the present by a pioneer of the Happenings of the late fifties. Through Jan. 19. (Onnash, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Rudy Burckhardt/Edith Dugmore—Paintings of Maine woods and New York pavements./Black-and-white photographs. Through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Michael Economos—Realist paintings. Through Jan. 19. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert S. Ehrlich/Traute Ishida—Paintings based on a grid./Wall hangings of colored yarns worked into large, unstretched mesh canvases. Through Jan. 17. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Eunice Golden/Sharon Wybrants-Lynch—Paintings and drawings of anatomical forms./Paintings of women. Through Jan. 23. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jake Grossberg/Nobu Fukui—Steel sculptures./Geometric abstractions. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.)

Mashiko Kimura—Stone sculptures. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Charles Mingus III/Fred Rennels—Thirty small watercolors./Steel and aluminum sculptures. Through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Superreal ink drawings of boxes. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Lynton Wells—Six double panel paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **55 mercer street**: Three paintings based on a grid by Susan Smith, three wood sculptures by Alice Adams, and a floor sculpture of cast-concrete units by Julius Tobias. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: A hundred and eighteen artists in a show marking the gallery's first anniversary. Through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings by H.N. Han, sculptures by Bill Bollinger, and Conceptual work by Jerry Kearns. Starts Saturday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Jan. 25. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Ed Shostak—Wall reliefs and floor pieces of pressed cardboard and painted lumber, plus drawings. Reopens Saturday, Jan. 5. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Group Show—"Erotic Art" is the name of a show of mostly lewd pictures by Marc Chagall, George Grosz, Max Beckmann, Salvador Dali, Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, Felicien Rops, Kitagawa Utamaro, Jules Pascin, Tom Wesselmann, George Segal, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

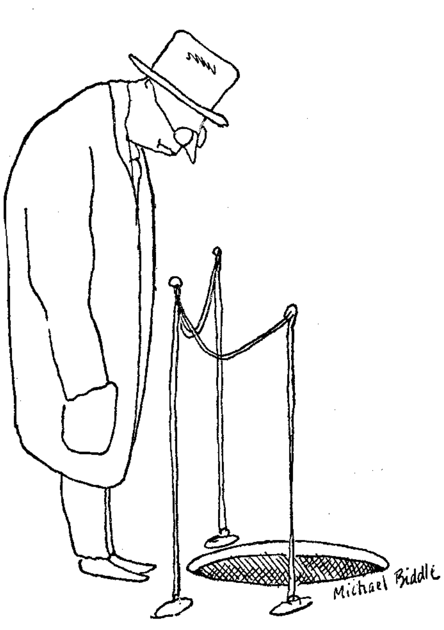
Bill Dane—Homemade postcards, printed with snapshots the artist has made on his travels. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Emmet Gowin—Photographs of Danville, Virginia. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Bederich Grunsweig—Approximately fifty black-and-white photographs of Prague, including views of the old Jewish Quarter, taken recently by an expatriate. Through March 17. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Stephen Shore—Twenty Photo-Realist photographs in color whose subjects are the gas stations, parking lots, Main Streets, and food that figure in the painting school of this name. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **metropolitan museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.). . . **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Victorian Photographs of Famous Men, Fair Women, and Little Girls" includes work by Julia Margaret Cameron, Lewis Carroll, John Thomson, R. A. R. Bennett, and Alphonse Mucha. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition of photographs taken in Italy during the nineteenth century, most of them views of such tourist spots as the Doges' Palace, the Vatican, the Roman Forum, and St. Mark's. Through Jan. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **witkin**, 243 E. 60th St.: Photographs by early practitioners, as well as by contemporary figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939," a show of a hundred and fifty dresses reflecting the dramatic changes that took place in the world of fashion from the end of the Edwardian period up to the beginning of the Second World War. Designers such as Chanel, Schiaparelli, and Poiret are represented. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away in the south wing on the second floor under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art.". . . ¶ Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Through Feb. 24. A complementary show (closed Monday through Saturday, Jan. 7-12) is at the Feldman Gallery, 33 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by Joan Miró, dating from 1921 to 1972. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and Happenings, as well as for unrealized projects. Among the artists represented are David Hockney, Allan Jones, Diego Rivera, Ben Shahn, Fernand Léger, Jim Dine, and Paul Cadmus. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums deriving from the Futurist and Dada periods, lent by the Winston/Malbin Collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by Lee Krasner, from 1951 to the present. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings executed between 1963 and 1973 by Larry Zox. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings of night scenes by George Ault, a leading figure in the Precisionist movement. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract wood sculptures by Michael Lekakis. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Painted wood sculptures by Anne Truitt. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Electronic emissions, called a "sound sculpture," by Marvin Torffield, can be heard on the street outside the museum and in the basement sculpture garden. Through Jan. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The second and third concerts in the series of four presented this season by the Composers' Showcase will offer Clark Terry, with Collage, the contemporary-music ensemble of the Boston Symphony, on Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, and the Alwin Nikolais Company on Friday, Jan.

Some folks think a great slalom course is something you get in a deli.

For you folks, we have a message. And for you hotdoggers, (something also not found in a deli), we have a message.

Those great slalom courses can be found at Appalachian Ski Mountain, Hound Ears, Wolf Laurel, Seven Devils, High Meadows, Cataloochee, Sugar Mountain, Sapphire Valley, Beech Mountain and Mill Ridge. You'll also find just plain fun skiing for the beginner to the expert.

All these mountains are some of the readiest, willingest, and zingiest ski resorts in our Eastern United States.

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Please send me Mini-Tour booklet and ski information.

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This year,

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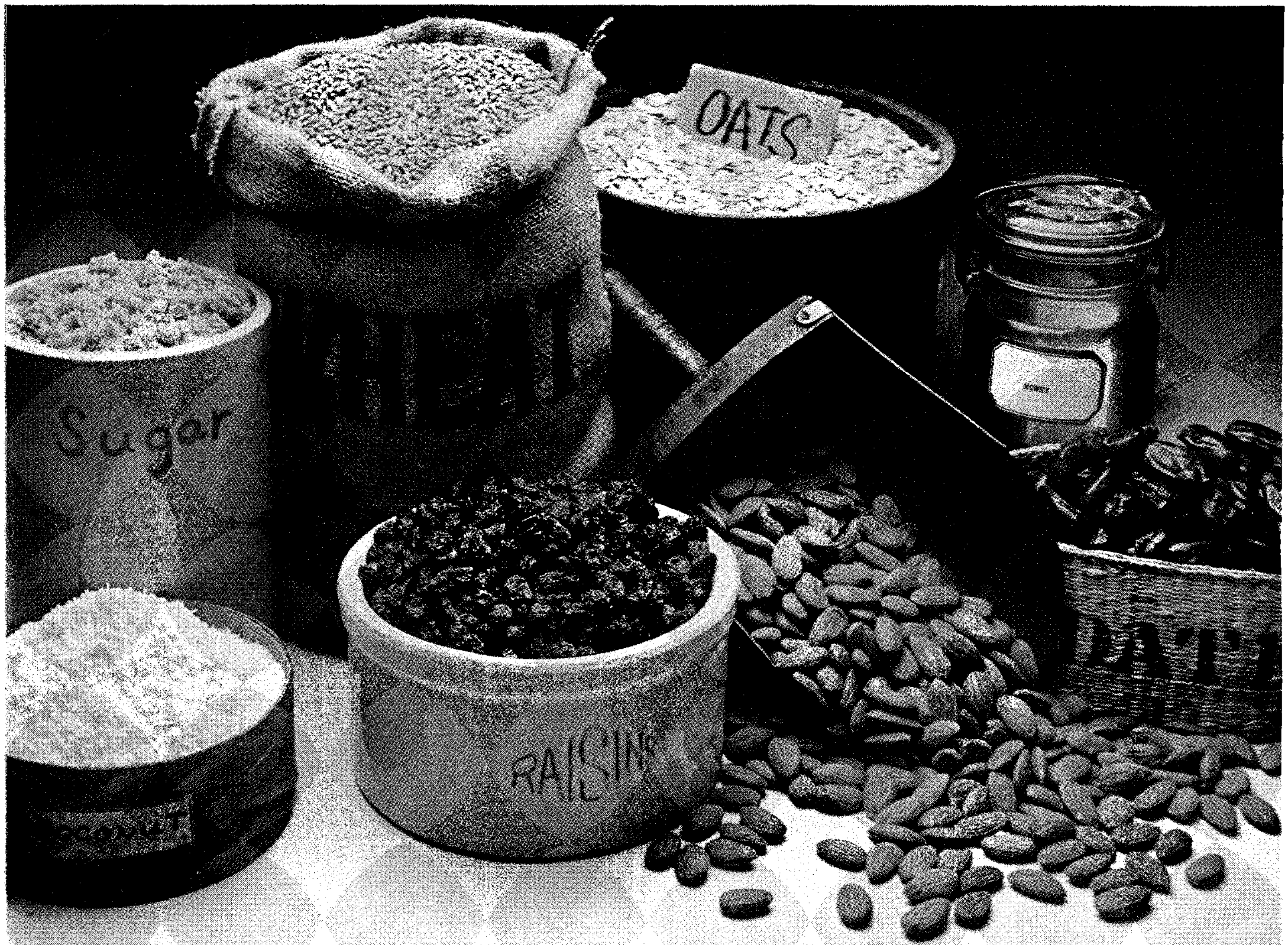
Our state...it's great! Discover it this year.



The most delicious gathering of grains, nuts and fruits that ever got together in one box.

Introducing Quaker 100% Natural Cereal.

The first time you taste it, you're in for quite a surprise. The nutty flavor comes from wheat and oats. The crunchiness comes from chopped almonds and coconut. The chewiness comes from raisins and dates. The sweetness comes from honey and brown sugar.

An avalanche of those naturally good things that have always delighted mankind. With all their original taste, texture and nutrition intact.

No synthetics. No mystery ingredients.

What you read on the box is what you see on your spoon. Nothing synthetic has been added. Nothing natural has been taken away. And that's why Quaker 100% Natural Cereal tastes so unusually good.

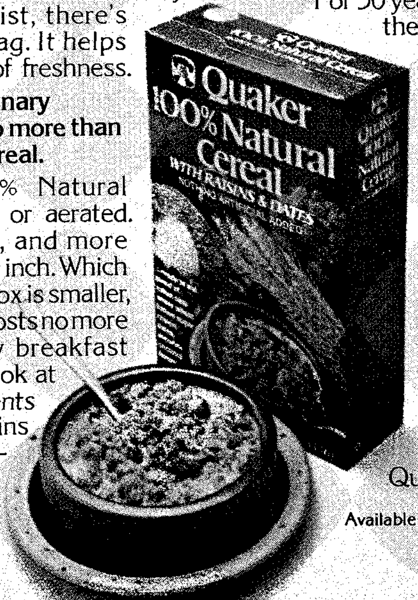
The only artificial preservative in our box is our bag.

Unrefined whole grains like the ones in Quaker 100% Natural Cereal are born with their own natural means of self-preservation. Since Quaker doesn't process out these natural preservatives, we don't have to add any artificial ones.

But to insure a perfect inner atmosphere that keeps the crunch crunchy and the fruits moist, there's our tough inner bag. It helps lock out the foes of freshness.

An extraordinary cereal that costs no more than ordinary cereal.

Quaker 100% Natural Cereal isn't puffed or aerated. So there's less air, and more solid food per cubic inch. Which is why, though the box is smaller, ounce for ounce, it costs no more than the ordinary breakfast cereal. Yet a close look at our table of contents shows that it contains a host of premium-priced ingredients.



We never really left the farm.

Quaker didn't make 100% Natural Cereal just to jump on the back-to-nature bandwagon.

For 50 years we've been as close to the good growing things as you can get. The great grains, the fruit of the vine, honey from the flowers. So the idea of a natural breakfast cereal seemed especially refreshing.

Nothing's as exciting as an idea whose time has come.

Our concept was to create a truly modern cereal. With all the old-fashioned virtues.

We did. And its time has come.

Quaker 100% Natural Cereal.

Available in limited areas only.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

11, at 8:30. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, and David Smith. Through Friday, Jan. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Over two hundred European drawings, textiles, and wallpapers, from the seventeenth century through the early nineteenth, selected from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Feb. 17. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—American genre paintings of the nineteenth century, with emphasis on the last quarter, by Homer, Eakins, and lesser-known artists. Through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An extensive loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Leonardo, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, and Parmigianino, as well as lesser-known artists, all from the collection of Janos Scholz, who, as we all know now, has left it to the Morgan. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ First and early editions of the prose and verse writings of John Milton, along with Blake's watercolor illustrations for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Musical instruments and toys, some as unusual as a banjo made from a pressure cooker. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York by Cecil C. Bell, done between 1930 and 1970, the year of his death. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A number of Red Grooms creations—a general-store "environment," a parody of a Rembrandt, and so on, all bearing the Grooms trademark of garish exuberance. Through Jan. 20. A complementary show (starting Saturday) will be at the Myers Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document both their life in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Fourteen New York galleries will display work which has marked them as innovators in exhibiting and encouraging avant-garde art in America during the past decade. Starts Friday, Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first of a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

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New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Over two hundred and sixty treasures acquired between 1970 and 1972 and amplifying the long-resplendent Berg Collection; included are letters, typescripts, first editions, and drawings by the renowned in English and American literature. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by Nelson Stevens. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

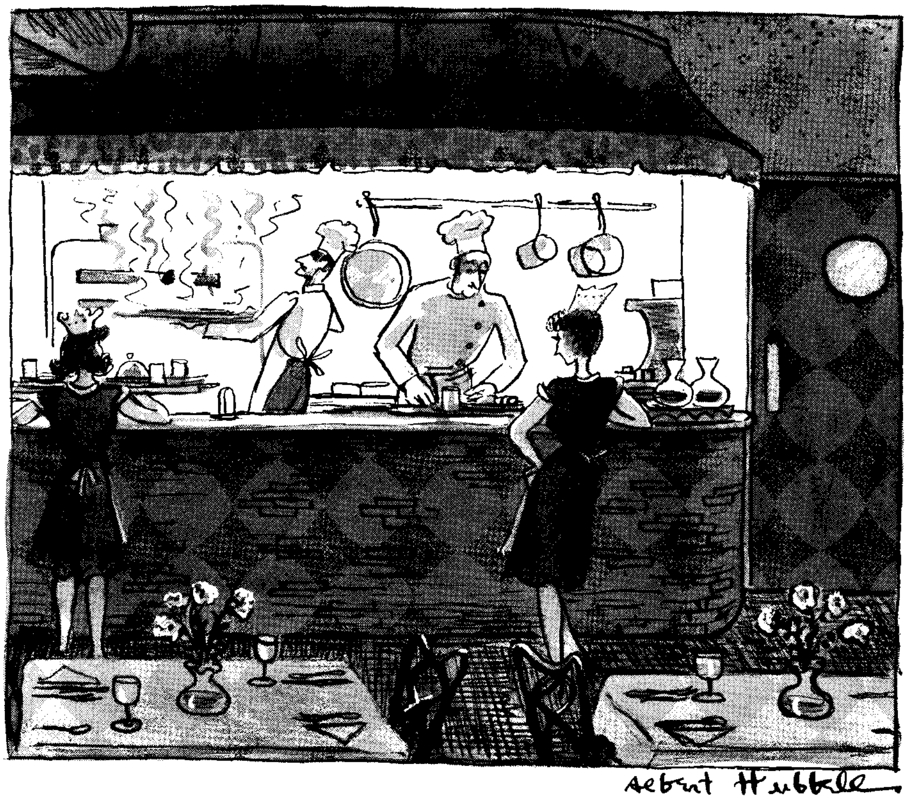
OPERA

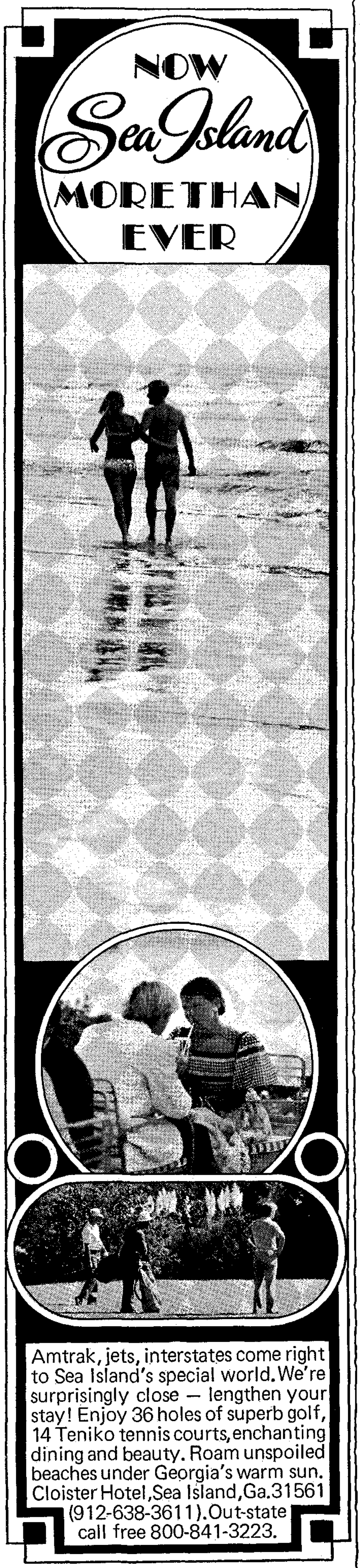
Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Luigi Alva, Dominic Cossa, Fernando Corena, and Ezio Flagello; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Ragnar Ulfung, Lawrence Shadur, William Lewis, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Luigi Alva, Dominic Cossa, Fernando Corena, and Ezio Flagello; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: "La Bohème," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Maralin Niska, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Jerome Hines, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Catarina Ligendza, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 9: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Ragnar Ulfung, Lawrence Shadur, William Lewis, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine.

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Benjamin Britten's "Albert Herring," directed and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Riccardo Muti conducting Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 11, at 2; Sat-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, Jan. 12, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30 (all with Byron Janis, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and John Alexander, tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 5:30, both with Boris Goldovsky, piano; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8, with Evelyn Lear, soprano.)

Nuits Musicales—Jean Royer directing the New Instrumental Ensemble of New York, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; Leslie Guinn, baritone; Martin Berinbaum, trumpet; and the Camerata Singers. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Symphony Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting, with Aaron Rosand, violin, and harpsichordists Kenneth Cooper, Judith Norell, and Harriet Wingreen. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Chloe Owen—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 5.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Lynn Harrell, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Paul Ingraham, horn; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30.)

Robert Sylvester—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Lee Luvisi—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Comparone Cembalo Ensemble—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Marsha Hogan, soprano; and others in a program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Horacio Gutierrez—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Nelly Kokinos—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts of Mozart divertimentos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jimmy Heath Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Liza Minnelli—Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Sunday, Jan. 6, through Saturday, Jan. 26. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.

Muddy Waters, the James Cotton Blues Band, and Hound Dog Taylor—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.

Interludes—The eleventh in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **teresa brewer** on Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 5:45.

Paul Butterfield's Better Days and Orleans—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Joe Williams, Anita O'Day, and Blossom Dearie—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Jan. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Jan. 11, at 7:35.

Hockey—At **madison square garden**: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, Jan. 6, at 7:05. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Jan. 8.

Racing—At **liberty bell**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Wednesday, Jan. 2, through Saturday, March 16. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 12.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 6:45.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **light opera of manhattan**: "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 5-6, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Jan. 12, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes**: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **king's players**: "Rainbow Junction." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays at 2.) . . . **lea wallace puppets**: "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . **meri mini players**: "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." Starting Thursday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "Spaceship Earth." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"What Christmas Means to Me," a selection of paintings, drawings, prints, and collages, produced by children in over thirty countries. Loaned by the Christian Children's Fund. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

COMET KOHOUTEK—This new comet, discovered last March, is putting on its most brilliant display for observers in the Northern Hemisphere through Thursday, Jan. 17. The best time for viewing is shortly after sunset, when the comet should be visible in the western sky, just to the right of Venus.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 2 at 5:30: "Seven Thieves" (1960), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Edward G. Robinson and Rod Steiger....¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Call Northside 777" (1948), directed by Henry Hathaway, with James Stewart and Richard Conte....¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "The Desert Fox" (1951), directed by Henry Hathaway, with James Mason and Jessica Tandy....¶ Jan. 4 at 2: "Call Northside 777" (1948)....¶ Jan. 4 at 5:30: "The Sons of Katie Elder" (1965), directed by Henry Hathaway, with John Wayne and Dean Martin....¶ Jan. 5 at noon: "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten....¶ Jan. 5 at 3: "Prince Valiant" (1954), directed by Henry Hathaway, with James Mason and Janet Leigh....¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30: "Seven Thieves" (1960)....¶ Jan. 6 at 12:30: "Prince Valiant" (1954)....¶ Jan. 6 at 3: "Jack and the Beanstalk" (1952), directed by Jean Yarborough, with Abbott and Costello....¶ Jan. 6 at 5:30: "Rio Bravo" (1959), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Wayne and Dean Martin....¶ Jan. 7 at 2: "The Left Handed Gun" (1958), directed by Arthur Penn, with Paul Newman....¶ Jan. 7 at 5:30: "Inside Daisy Clover" (1965), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Natalie Wood and Christopher Plummer....¶ Jan. 8 at 2: "The Old Man and the Sea" (1958), directed by John Sturges, with Spencer Tracy....¶ Jan. 8 at 5:30: "The Spiral Jetty" (1970), directed by Robert Smithson....¶ Jan. 9 at 5:30: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean and Natalie Wood....¶ Jan. 10 at 5:30: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman and Robert Redford....¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "Magnum Force" (1973), directed by Ted Post, with Clint Eastwood. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)...**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 2: A program of cartoons by Friz Freleng....¶ Jan. 3: A program of cartoons by Robert Clampett....¶ Jan. 4: "Gentleman Jim" (1942), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith....¶ Jan. 5: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery....¶ Jan. 6: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones....¶ Jan. 9: "Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolf Klein-Rogge....¶ Jan. 10: "Back Street" (1932), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne and John Boles. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)...**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Jan. 2: A program of fourteen animated films....¶ Starting Jan. 3: A program of eight "outrageous" films; no one under eighteen will be admitted. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"American Graffiti."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 5: "These Three" and "Dead End."
Jan. 6-8: "Footlight Parade" and "Dames."
From Jan. 9: "The Divorce of Lady X" and "That Hamilton Woman!"

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 8: "Billy Jack" and "Bonnie and Clyde."
From Jan. 9: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A King in New York."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 3: "American Graffiti."
From Jan. 4: "The Paper Chase."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serpico."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 8: "The Seven-Ups."
From Jan. 9: "Bone."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Don't Look Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Jimi Hendrix."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Happy New Year."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Alfredo Alfredo."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sleeper."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A King in New York."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Jan. 2: "Chaplin's Art of Comedy" and "The Great Dictator."
Jan. 3-9: Chaplin Comedies and "The Gold Rush."
From Jan. 10: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "City Lights."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Cinderella Liberty." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 9.)

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"American Graffiti."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Laughing Policeman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fantastic Planet."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 8: "Cops and Robbers."
From Jan. 9: "Jeremy."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Paper Chase."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Executive Action."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 8: "The Seven-Ups."
From Jan. 9: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Papillon."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Magnum Force."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Hell Up in Harlem."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Executive Action."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 8: "Romeo and Juliet."
From Jan. 9: "Cries and Whispers" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Way We Were."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 8 at one or another of the theatres: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy"/"Persona," "The Passion of Anna," and "Shame"/"Monsieur Verdoux" and "Limelight"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat."
From Jan. 9: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 2: "The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974" and "High School Confidential."
Jan. 3-9: "El Topo" and "Yellow Submarine."
From Jan. 10: "Let the Good Times Roll," "Wattstax," "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," and "Gimme Shelter."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 3: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing."
From Jan. 4: "Cry of the Wild."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin Hood."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"A King in New York."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Jan. 3: "A Separate Peace" and "Lord of the Flies."
Jan. 4-6: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Take the Money and Run."
Jan. 7-8: "Plisetskaya Dances" and "Tales of Hoffmann."
Jan. 9-10: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "My Night at Maud's."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"England Made Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Paper Chase."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 8: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Jan. 9: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Where's Poppa?"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 8: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From Jan. 9: "Cries and Whispers" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Jan. 8: "Romeo and Juliet."
From Jan. 9: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Way We Were."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Executive Action."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 8: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing."
From Jan. 9: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "Child's Play."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 8: "Cry of the Wild."
From Jan. 9: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Death in Venice."

Note—A few specialist film houses—**bleecker st. cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 4-6: "One Hour with You" (1932; Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald) and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Carole Lombard and Jack Benny). . . . **film forum**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*: At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **pagoda**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alfredo Alfredo—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Pietro Germi. In Italian. (Plaza.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Art, and Columbia II. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Jan. 3.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Thalia; starting Jan. 9.)

The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974—A cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including excerpts from such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, the Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Elgin; Jan. 2.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 8.)

Bone—With Yaphet Kotto and Andrew Duggan, directed by Larry Cohen. (Eastside Cinema; starting Jan. 9.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4-6.)

Chaplin Comedies—Mementos from the silent past: "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "The Pilgrim." The last two are excellent. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 3-9.)

Chaplin's Art of Comedy—A compilation of some of his early films. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 2.)

Child's Play (1972)—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Thalia; starting Jan. 9.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the

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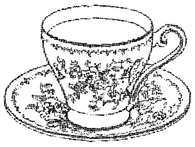

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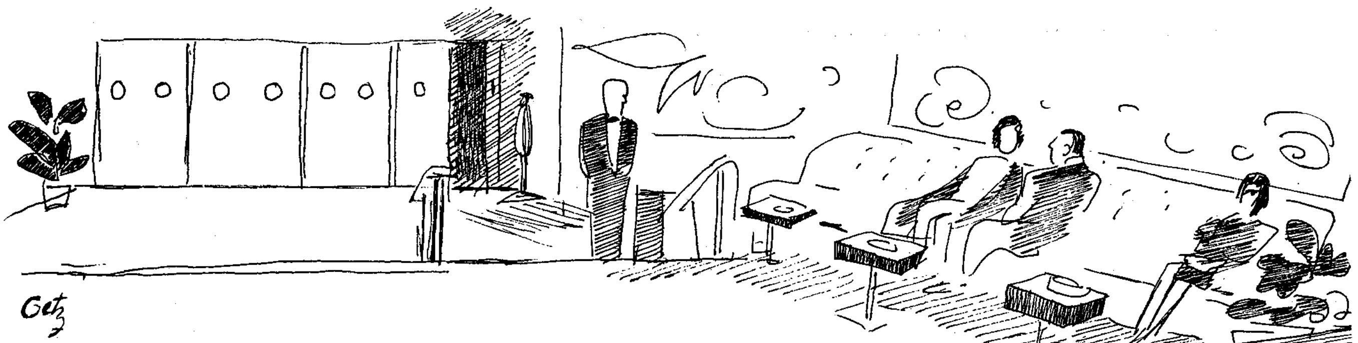
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of non-sexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9-10.)

Cinderella Liberty—With James Caan and Marsha Mason, directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia I. No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 9.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 10.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Regency; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 9.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (72nd Street East; through Jan. 8.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 9.)

Cry of the Wild—Wolves in the back country of Canada. (Olympia; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 4.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6-8.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

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The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin-trainer. (Ziegfeld.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontations of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick; Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore; and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 5.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Olympia; starting Jan. 9.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 9.)

The Divorce of Lady X (1938)—Expensively produced attempt at a sophisticated romantic comedy; it's rather silly and a little draggy, and is mainly of interest because of the cast—Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes. They don't do much in the way of acting, but their arch romping is, at least, a curiosity. Alexander Korda produced; Tim Whelan directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 9.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (Sutton.)

England Made Me—Very slight, but it has a hushed, becalmed quality that is pleasing. Adapted from a Graham Greene novel published in 1935, this movie is about an amiable, giddy young Englishman (Michael York)—a schoolboy at heart—at loose in Nazi Germany. Hildegard Neil plays his sister, the mistress of a humorless swindler-financier (Peter Finch), and Michael Hordern turns up as a mildewed old newspaperman. Understated and rarefied, the movie often seems more Noël Coward than Graham Greene, but that's partly because Greene in 1935 wasn't yet quite Greene. It's far from great and far from original, but it's not bad, and York gives one of his best performances. Peter Duffell directed. (Paris.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (Juliet 2, Waverly, and Symphony.)

The Exorcist—Based on the William Peter Blatty book, with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, and Lee J. Cobb. Directed by William Friedkin. (Cinema I.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes. Joan Blondell is tough and honest. Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6-8.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Elgin; starting Jan. 10.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 3-9.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (First Avenue Screening Room: Jan. 2.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 8.)

Hell Up in Harlem—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

High School Confidential (1958)—With Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling, directed by Jack Arnold. (Elgin; Jan. 2.)

Jeremy—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (72nd Street East; starting Jan. 9.)

Jimi Hendrix—A documentary assembled by Joe Boyd. (Trans-Lux East.)

A King in New York (1957)—Don't be misled by the public-relations attempt to suggest that this Chaplin film has never before been shown in the United States because of its controversial political nature. It's about as political as a pratfall at the United Nations, and it wasn't shown because it's an incomparable dog—maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Cinema Village, Ciné Malibu, and Playboy.)

The Laughing Policeman—With Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Beekman.)

Let the Good Times Roll—A film about the fifties, and so not, well, about the best of times, but still. The film documents musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Elgin; starting Jan. 10.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed: he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 8.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Thalia; through Jan. 8.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen (1971)—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (Elgin; starting Jan. 10.)

Magnum Force—Clint Eastwood in a sequel to "Dirty Harry." Directed by Ted Post. (86th St. East.)

The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing—With Burt Reynolds and Sarah Miles, directed by Richard Sarafian. (23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Jan. 8.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Regency; starting Jan. 9.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 10.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9-10.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Juliet 1, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 4.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 8.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 8.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The amazing red-haired Russian ballerina, who has a neck like a longbow, dances in a Russian documentary. Take any child who has a crush on ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7-8.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 8.)

A Separate Peace (1972)—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think that conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 3)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through Jan. 8.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 8.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness and unfulfillment and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapability for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 8.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4-6.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7-8.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 9.)

These Three (1936)—A beautifully made early version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," which effectively transposes the lesbian accusation to a heterosexual accusation. Merle Oberon (in one of her better performances), Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins are the three leads; Bonita Granville is the ghastly, tale-bearing child; and Catherine Doucet is her nasty rich grandmother. William Wyler, who directed, also made the later version (with Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn), which restored the original material, but "These Three" is a better movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 5.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Jan 3-9.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 8.)

Wattstax—Filmed at the Stax record company's concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum in August, 1972. (Elgin; starting Jan. 10.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, Greenwich, and New Yorker.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Regency; starting Jan. 9.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Elgin; Jan. 3-9.)

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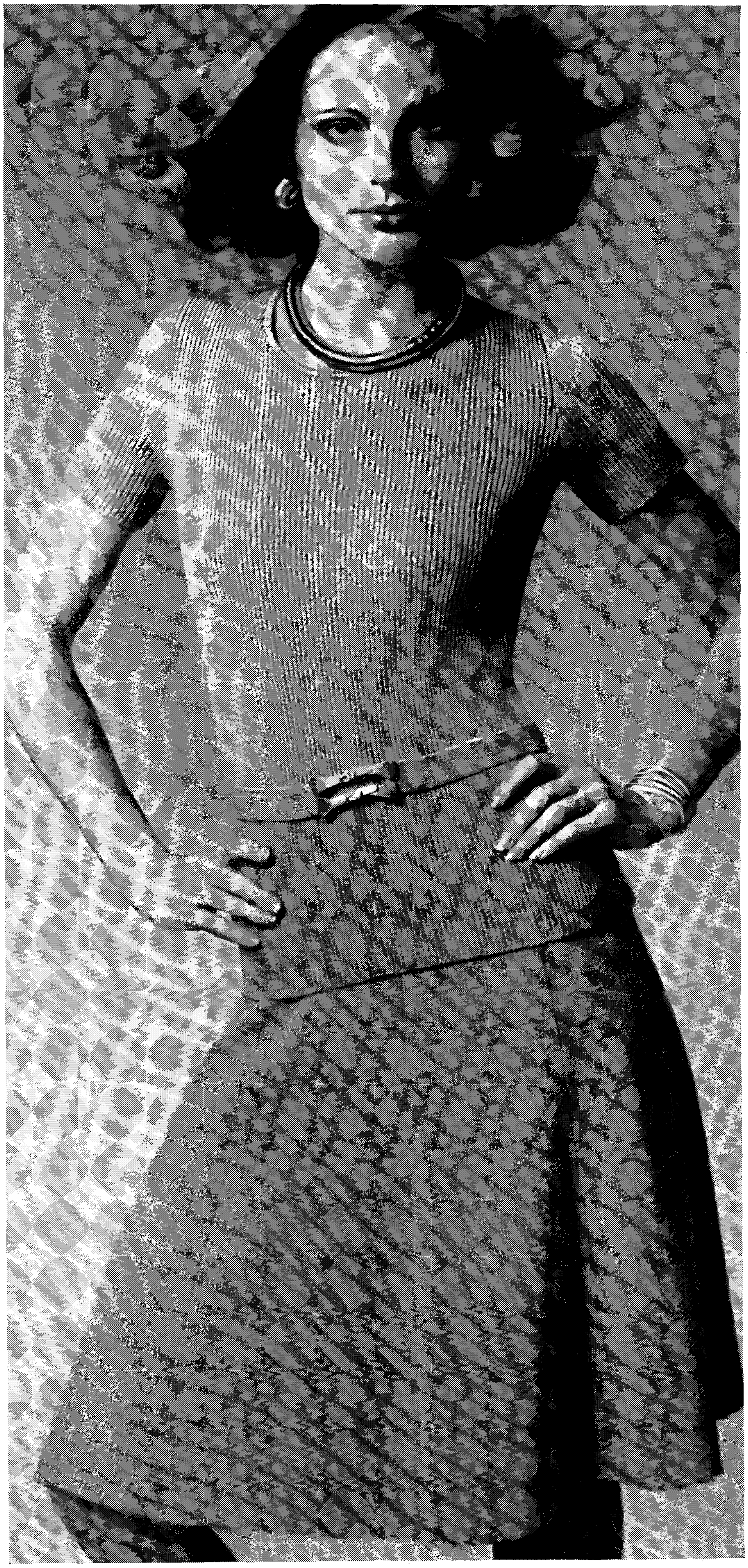

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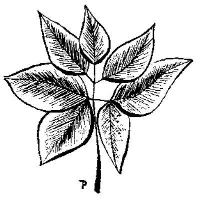
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As the conference on the Middle East was getting under way, a small item in the news reminded us of what people mean when they talk about interdependence nowadays. We read that the Soviet Union has large supplies of oil in Siberia but that the wherewithal for getting it out exists only in the West. The Soviet Union, then, depends on us to help with its energy needs, just as it looks to us for computer technology and for occasional shipments of grain. This is just one more, perhaps minor link in the chain of dependence that connects the conferees in Geneva. The Soviet Union increasingly depends on us, and the Arabs depend for their arms on the Soviet Union. The Europeans and the Japanese depend for their oil on the Arabs. We depend for our common defense and our economic well-being on the Europeans and the Japanese. And Israel, for its arms, depends on us. The chain runs full circle: the Arabs and the Israelis depend on each other. These are direct and obvious links of dependence. There are others, less direct and less obvious but no less real. The entire world depends on both the Israelis and the Arabs not to draw the superpowers into war. And the Arabs depend on the industrialized nations as a market for their oil. Their recent moves have put that market in jeopardy. The terrible humiliation that the Arab nations have imposed on Japan and the European nations in the last few months has become one of the permanent prices of Arab oil, no matter what the Arabs now do about their embargo. They have let the world know that a nation that relies on Arab oil is a hostage and has virtually lost its sovereignty. This is one of the highest prices that can be paid in politics, and nations will go far to avoid paying it.

Since the onset of the nuclear age, the Soviet Union and the United States have been more intimately dependent on one another than any two nations have ever been before, inasmuch as no two nations have ever before had the power to devastate one another quite so thoroughly. An endangered Soviet Union is a Soviet Union dangerous to the United States, and an endangered United States is a danger to the Soviet Union. We dare not endanger one another. Now, owing very largely to the fuel crisis, what used to be seen as true only of the Soviet Union and the United States is seen as true of all the nations that are represented at the Geneva conference, and of many that are not represented. The conferees in Geneva will be talking about a peace settlement, but the real subject of their deliberations will be the survival or the extinction of nations—of the European nations, Japan, Israel, the United States, and the Soviet Union, to name a few. Some of the conferees may be reluctant to sit next to each other, but each nation's survival depends on the survival of all the others. Now even the Arabs and the Israelis will have to school themselves in the vexing, elaborate new political art of preserving and protecting one's bitterest enemies.



Equal Time

If ever a Voice of Protest Award should be established, we would like to nominate three citizens' groups—Environmental Action, Consumer Action Now, and the Village Green Recycling Team. The three groups recently held a ceremony at the Biltmore to announce *their* creation of two awards—the Disposable Planet Award and the Energy Hog of the Year Award—as protests against the activities of Keep America Beautiful, Inc., which was also in the Biltmore, holding its twentieth annual meeting and, incidentally, handing out some awards of its own. To explain: Keep America Beautiful is the organization that produces all those radio and TV advertisements telling you not to litter, and it is supported mainly by the beverage and packaging industries. Though it is known mostly for its anti-litter campaign, in recent years it has sought to educate the public about pollution in general, and at its annual meeting it bestows awards on people who, by conducting useful local programs, seem to have been educated particularly well. The three citizens' groups, on the other hand, contend that K.A.B. serves as a public-relations instrument for the industries that support it. These industries have opposed the outlawing of no-deposit, no-return bottles, and—so the accusation goes—they would very much like the public to believe the K.A.B. slogan "People Start Pollution. People Can Stop It." People, that is, and not corporations. Before the recent K.A.B. annual meeting, a member of Environmental Action called us up and told us that the three groups were going to hold what they called a "counter-awards ceremony" while K.A.B. was distributing its awards. The counter-awards ceremony was to be on the second floor of the Biltmore, and the K.A.B. meeting on the eighteenth and nineteenth floors. That sounded to us like a safe enough distance apart, so we decided to go over and see what would happen.

The counter-awards ceremony took place in one of those neutral rooms, furnished with small padded chairs, which hotels keep ready for people who have something to announce. In the middle of the room were two large plastic bags and one wicker basket, all full of litter—Coke bottles, Budweiser cans, and so on. Seated along the walls of the room were about a dozen thoughtful-looking members of the citizens' groups and one or two photographers. The ceremony had two parts: first, a young woman named Patricia Taylor, who works for Environmental Action, stood beside the litter and read a statement, and then the photographers took pictures of several of the citizens with cans and bottles in their hands. Here are some excerpts from Miss Taylor's statement, which was read in a rapid monotone:

> Tremendous amounts of time and effort have been expended by citizens across the country publicizing and seeking solutions to complex environmental and social problems. One problem that we feel has received a disproportionate amount of attention and publicity is that of litter.
>
> Few people realize that the "litter problem" that members of K.A.B. are so concerned with is in fact the source of income for many of its founders. Do Coke and Pepsi really think that throwaways are bad? Of course not. It's just that people end up throwing them away, and they become litter. Anti-litter campaigns are at their heart a matter of blaming the victim—and glorifying the victimizer for its "public-spirited sentiments."... K.A.B. has attempted to blame the consumer for the problems created by the proliferation of "convenience"—no-deposit, no-return—packaging, which its supporters manufacture.
>
> For these reasons, we would like to present Keep America Beautiful with the first annual Disposable Planet Award....
>
> For the first time in our nation's history, natural limitations are forcing us to reëvaluate our entire way of life. A national energy-conservation program of any serious nature demands a close look at the proliferation of throwaway beverage containers. In 1972, eighty-three-point-seven billion soft-drink and beer containers were manufactured in the U.S., three-quarters of which were throwaways. Three hundred and eighty-four trillion B.T.U.'s of energy were consumed [in making] these fifty-nine-point-nine billion throwaways. The aluminum beverage container is especially energy-consumptive, requiring four times as much energy to deliver the same amount of beverage as a ten-trip returnable, refillable container.... In terms of electrical energy, Dr. Priscilla Laws, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, has calculated that energy wasted in the production of throwaway beverage containers would meet the electrical needs of an affluent city of seven-point-five million people for an entire year.
>
> For these reasons, we would like to present the Energy Hog of the Year Award to the manufacturers of throwaway beverage containers.

Miss Taylor also paid tribute to the people of Oregon and Vermont—states that have laws against no-deposit, no-return beverage bottles.

Eager to have an answer to these charges, we took an elevator to the eighteenth floor, where a K.A.B. "photo reception" was in progress. Upon arriving, we saw a floodlight in the midst of a crowd, and, moving closer, found that a camera crew was photographing Shirley Temple Black. Mrs. Black, who was on hand to make some "remarks" at the awards banquet, glowed in the light: she was wearing a midnight-blue V-neck dress, a gold filigree necklace, azure eyeshadow, and tangerine lipstick. A group of high-school students was shepherded into her presence, and after they were released they came toward us. We learned that they were members of Project CUOP—standing for "Clean Up Our Passaic"—from Kearny High School, in Kearny, New Jersey. Besides helping to clean up the Passaic River, Project CUOP had built a minipark and held a "bike day," and for all those reasons K.A.B. was giving it a Special Merit Youth Award. Michael Camerman, the chairman of Project CUOP, answered our questions. Michael is sixteen, and he seemed neither more nor less than that. He told us that he hadn't heard of the counter-awards ceremony on the second floor. We repeated the downstairs charge that K.A.B. is supported by the beverage and packaging industries, and he said, "That's true." Whereupon he pulled out a copy of the program for the annual meeting and opened it to a long list of organizations—the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, the American Legion, the Camp Fire Girls, and others. We must have looked puzzled, because Michael said, "Oh, no. I made a mistake. That's the K.A.B. National Advisory Council." He turned to another page, which listed K.A.B.'s board of directors. This included officers of the American Can Company, United States Steel, Pepsi-Cola, Philip Morris, Northwestern Glass, and other corporations.

"Do you think it's possible that some of these corporations actually contribute to the litter problem by selling throwaway bottles?" we asked.

"Well, even with throwaway bottles you can have scavengers go across the countryside and collect the bottles for recycling," Michael said. "People can make a business of it."

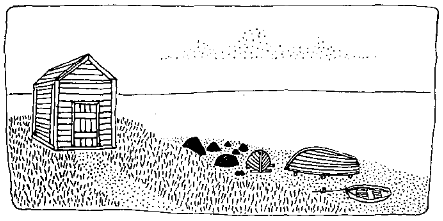
"But does it make as much sense to break bottles and recycle them as it does simply to use them over?" we asked.

"You're right. It's better to use them over," Michael said. "That's why they have that law against throwaway bottles in Oregon."

"So you're in favor of laws like that?" we said.

Michael nodded.

"So in that sense you don't disagree with the people downstairs?" we said.



"No, I don't," Michael said.

On that conciliatory note, we thanked Michael and left. Later, we spoke by phone with Roger W. Powers, the president of K.A.B., who said that he hadn't known of the counter-awards ceremony while it was going on. "I wish I could have met some of those people, because I would have loved to talk to them. You know, this whole environmental movement began with Earth Day a few years ago, but unfortunately emotionalism crept into it and we began to point the finger at one another. Emotionalism like that can't solve problems. *We* take a positive approach. Our whole program is directed toward the individual; we try to stimulate a sense of individual responsibility for environmental improvement. Litter-prevention is the first step; once people get involved in litter, they begin to realize what else they can do."

"When you say that you are directed toward individuals, do you mean that you leave out corporations?" we asked.

"What are individuals?" Mr. Powers asked in reply. "Individuals can be industry executives, individuals can be blue-collar workers, individuals are all Americans."

Mr. Powers pointed out that in addition to officers of corporations the K.A.B. executive committee includes two "public" members—Ralph P. Davidson, the publisher of *Time*, and Mrs. Donald E. Clusen, vice-president of the League of Women Voters. Mr. Powers told us that he had been with K.A.B. for four years and that previously he had been a representative of "a group of industries in the government-relations area."

"What industries were those?" we asked.

"The beverage and packaging industries," he said.

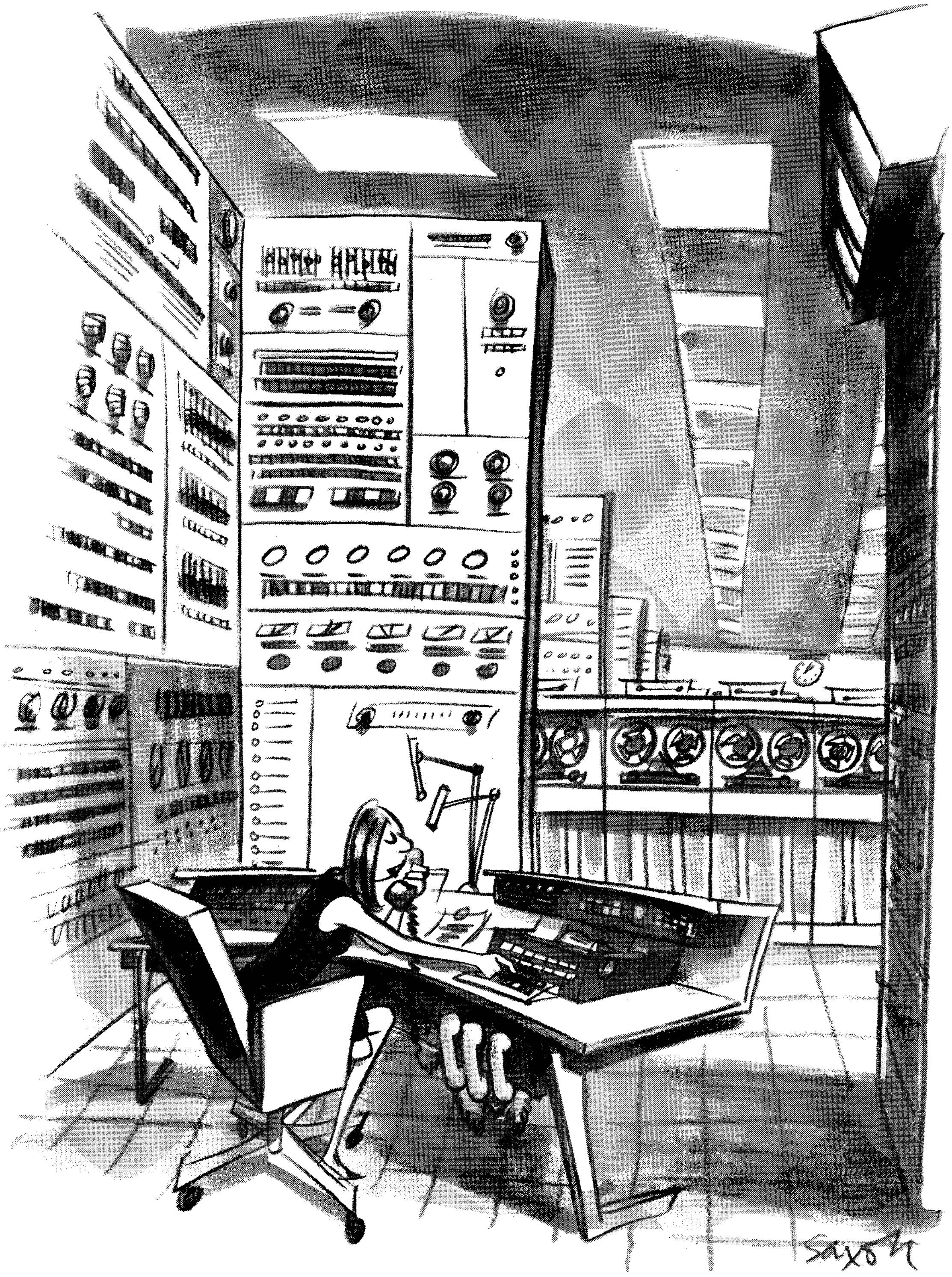
Motifs

THERE were two motifs at the Mission: Impossible party. There was a cultural motif, and there was an economic motif. We will try to explain both. The cultural motif had to do with those specific energy transformations that adhere to thirty-year-old post-hippie Creative People operating above (and well above) the poverty line. That is, both drinks *and* drugs were available. The economic motif had to do with the fact that Mission: Impossible is an ad-hoc promotional group that has recently spent four and a half million dollars of other people's money in an attempt to rescue (with its Creative Promotional Powers) a foundering chain of gargantuan discount department stores. There was considerable *interaction* between the two motifs. That is, people used drugs and drank drinks while they discussed (at different levels of coherence) the spending of the four and a half million dollars. The party, by the way, was a success.

The Mission: Impossible party was held on the top floor of a West Side hotel. The top floor of this particular hotel is painted blue and is outfitted with white furniture. Most of the people attending the party were dressed in ways that were consistent with the spirit of this decorative scheme. Rollin Binzer, the man who assembled and directed the Mission: Impossible team, was one of the people who blended with their surroundings. Mr. Binzer, who is dark-haired and energetic, wore a pistachio satin shirt and a purple jacket. We talked with him about the creation of Mission: Impossible.

"I was working on the new Stones movie," he said. "That was a bit of a hassle, but that's another story. Now, my attorney just happens to be the court-appointed attorney for these stores—Arlan's Department Stores, Inc. They are this enormous operation, with about a million giant stores, except that no one ever heard of them. Anyway, by last May they were bankrupt—Chapter 11—and my lawyer was involved. By *October*, the creditors had told them if they didn't get their numbers right they'd have to close in January. So my lawyer called me. They needed a whole new approach. A whole new creative direction. I needed the money. So I agreed to meet these guys from Arlan's after a screening of the Stones movie—only I forgot about it. But I saw them the next day at lunch. I took the job right off. The guy from the store said, 'Do you know what you'll do?' I said only a fool would say what he would do before he saw the setup. He said, 'Do you know how much it will cost?' I said, 'How can I say how much it will cost when I don't know what I'll do?' I think he liked my answers. Anyway, he didn't ask any more questions.

"So I sent some friends out to see these stores. Everything was wrong. Nothing was right. We knew we'd have to do an S.S. job. I told the Arlan's people to stay out of our way. We tackled our first store—one in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where their headquarters is. We doubled sales in two weeks. They were doing it so wrong, man. I mean, first of all they were in all these dumb markets. By the time we were in it, they'd closed eighty stores and they only had forty-seven left, but that's another story. But even at the stores they kept—you know, at their *good* stores—they were doing it all wrong. We told them to stay out of our way and just let it happen. Now, they'd spent eight million dollars on circulars, and most people thought that they were out of business. I mean, they spent as much money in over-all advertising as Helena Rubinstein, and no one ever heard of them. Now, in addition to that, they're operating on a low-



"No, that was *__two__* *corned beef on rye, a cheeseburger, two coffee regular, one black, and a prune Danish."*

profit-margin, high-volume basis. They spent about seventy-eight million dollars in one year on merchandise that was strictly promotional—I mean, they made no profit on it. Excuse me. I'll catch you later."

After our talk with Mr. Binzer, we walked around the party. A blond child in a blue-red-and-yellow patchwork shirt and a rhinestone belt threw some paper swirls at us. Then a young lady named Leslie Brooks, who was wearing green pants, a green sequinned top, and a pink boa, came and told us some more about Mission: Impossible. "Can you believe that this group had four and a half million dollars to spend in nine weeks?" she asked. "That guy," she said, pointing to a man in overalls who was dancing, "was in charge of TV. We called all our friends. We got people just because we thought they were smart. Like we got a black guy who was a bodyguard at screenings of the Stones movie. And Rollin's brother Vaughn. Vaughn was a major in the Army until he dropped out. And Dan Richter. Dan's a moviemaker. He art-directed the whole ape scene in '2001.' He was *in* '2001.' He was the head ape that threw the thing up, you know? And Farooq. Farooq Hussain is a twenty-five-year-old physicist who invented a machine for talking with dolphins. He's a professor at what-do-you-call-it—St. John's, or London University, or one of the good ones. He had a lot of scientific projects for us, but they bombed. He was going to make lightning flash all over the store. He had huge weather balloons and things like that, but they bombed. After they bombed, he became an art director for the stores. The whole thing was really a trip. I mean, we brought sales up forty per cent, but now we're going to split, because we don't want to get into running the company."

After talking with Miss Brooks, we talked with Linda and Charles White III and Kenny Kneitel, of the Fluid Drive Studio, who put together most of the ads that Mission: Impossible commissioned for Arlan's.

"We accepted the job at ten at night," Charles White said, "and we had to have an ad out by eleven the next morning."

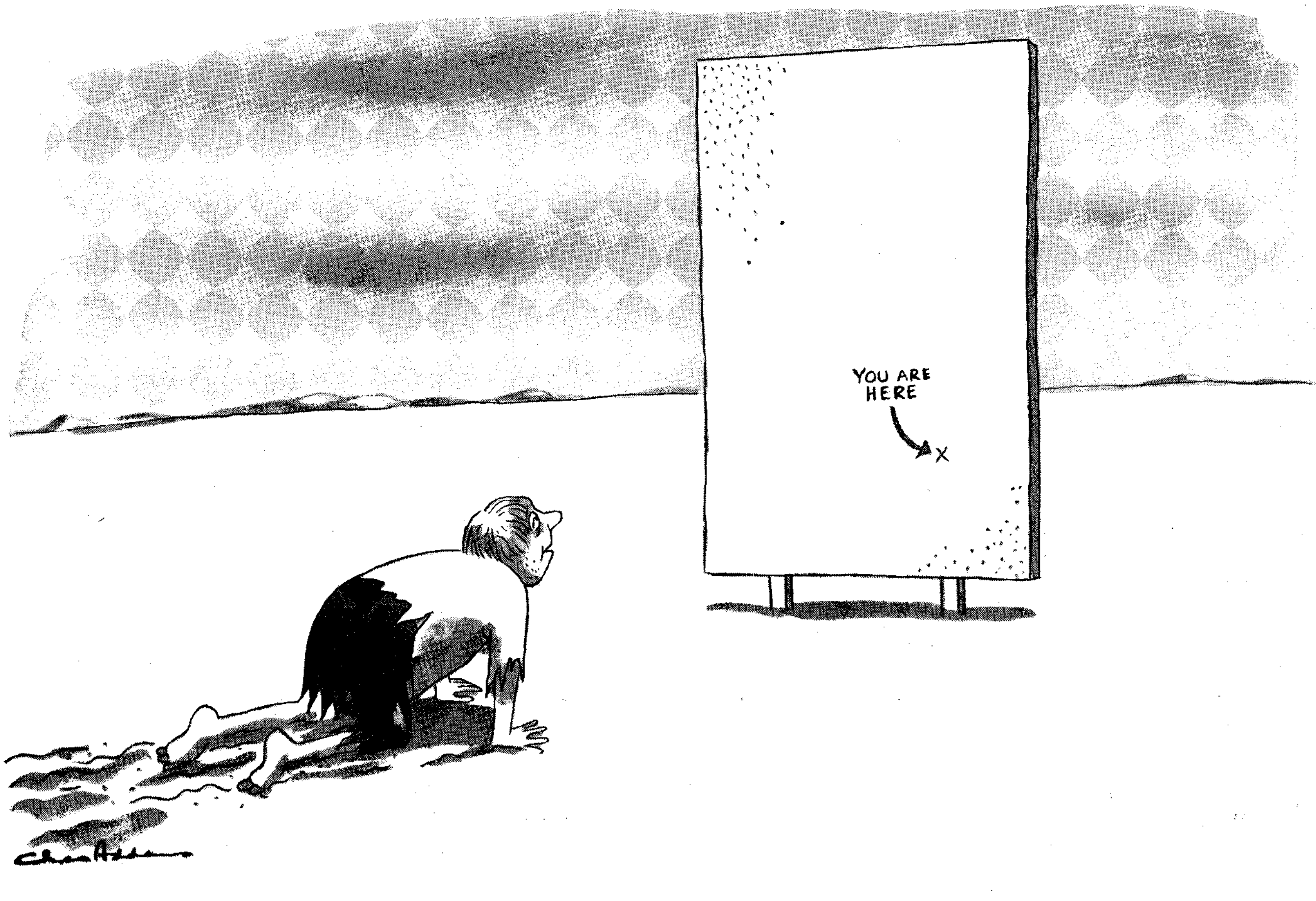
"The best thing we did," said Kenny Kneitel, "was 'The Night Before Christmas.' We cut 'The Night Before Christmas' into three parts and ran each part as a full-page newspaper ad, on three consecutive Saturdays. You ended up with a poem five feet tall and two feet wide. We illustrated it with visual puns. Like the reindeer's names. 'Comet' was a can of Comet cleanser, with little hands and feet. And for 'Up the chimney he rose' we had two hero sandwiches going up the chimney."

We noticed that the blond child who had been throwing things was asleep on a pile of coats that had grown up on a white wicker chair. We also noticed some applause. "It's a very moving moment," said Linda White. "The Mission: Impossible team just presented an eight-color heart-shaped neon sign to Rollin and Leslie."

Good News from New Haven

WE took advantage of a recent visit to New Haven to call on Louis L. Martz, the new director of Yale's Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. We found him in the company of Dr. Gordon N. Ray, president of the Guggenheim Foundation and a noted book collector and authority on Thackeray; the two men were poking around the contents of a recent bequest to the Beinecke, not yet assimilated into its collection—to wit, the library of Charles J. Rosenbloom, of Pittsburgh. We joined them in examining first editions of "Moby Dick," "Mein Kampf," "Daisy Miller," "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," "My Ántonia," and "The Scarlet Letter" and other Hawthornes, and asked Mr. Martz what the Beinecke did about duplicates.

"We're reluctant to dispose of duplicates, because you never know when you might have a variant—a cancelled page, a change in typography, and so on," he said. "We're continually upgrading the collection, so if we get a better copy we may sell off the old one. But we try to weed out, and decline, identical copies in



gifts, so that other places can get them."

"Rosenbloom was a high-spot collector," Dr. Ray said, still poking around. "He bought gems in all fields. That's what people did in the twenties. It's too expensive today. This is a rare Trollope," he went on, examining a book, "but it's in bad condition. I'm not surprised, when you see where it came from." He pointed to a pre-Rosenbloom bookplate, which we will not identify.

The Guggenheim Pooh-Bah went off to a meeting in another room, and Mr. Martz treated us to a guided tour.

"We don't collect separate prints or drawings—they should be in the Yale Art Gallery," he said. "We don't buy works of art, but we have a lot of them in portfolios or in books, especially in French illustrated books, such as those given by Frank Altschul and John Hay Whitney. The Gertrude Stein collection included portraits of her and Alice B. Toklas, and two chairs with tapestries by Picasso, and we've accumulated busts of Thornton Wilder and others. Here is our Ezra Pound center."

This was a room filling up with the lifetime archive of Pound's manuscripts, proof sheets, and correspondence. "It starts with a letter he wrote to Santa Claus at six and goes on to correspondence with Yeats, Eliot, and Joyce," Mr. Martz said. "They sent him their proofs. The archive is important, because he knew everybody and corresponded with everybody. We purchased it from the Pound estate. We closed the deal last June, after ten years of negotiation with Pound's wife and with his daughter, Mary de Rachewiltz, who kept most of the archive in her castle in Italy, near Merano. It came in a great shipment of fifteen wooden crates and trunks, many of which are still not unpacked. It will take our staff several years to sort the things out. No other archive of a modern poet is as extensive. We also have the Edmund Wilson papers," he went on, as, on a subbasement level, we entered a big area of tightly packed drawers and boxes. "This tier contains our American-literature collection. I happen to think that the first half of the twentieth century in America was a great cultural period. A cultural renaissance. We have a fine repository for studying this."

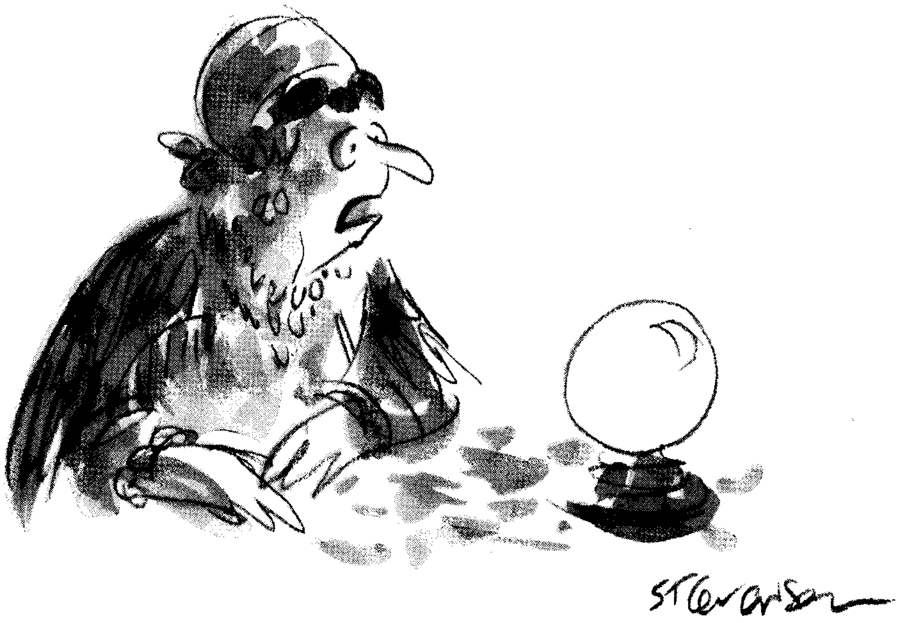
We glanced at folders of Wilson, Marquand, O'Neill, Stein, Carl Van Vechten, William Carlos Williams, Mabel Dodge Luhan, *The Dial*, *Hound & Horn*, the Theatre Guild, Langston Hughes, Edgar Saltus, Robert Nathan, Edith Wharton, and Henry James, and, on a subsubbasement level, penetrated Western Americana. "Here's where we have a lot of art," our guide said. "In the nineteenth century, artists were sent West by the government to make sketches of the land, Indians, and so on."

More art, including the Cary Collection of playing cards—twenty-six hundred packs, famously illustrated and going back five hundred years. Half of the cards were from Germany and France, the rest from almost every other country in the world. "We can still print up sixteenth-century cards quite nicely from our printers' blocks," Mr. Martz said, and he showed us some examples.

The new director, a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, youthful, clean-shaven Pennsylvania Dutchman of sixty, came to Yale, after Lafayette, as a graduate student, and has been teaching there since 1938. He is an authority on the English Renaissance, an editor of English seventeenth-century verse, and the author of books about Milton, Donne, and Thomas More. His wife, Edwine, has been a member of Wilmarth S. Lewis's "Walpole Factory" for thirty-two years. Martz has been chairman of the English Department and is now Sterling Professor of English.

We asked him how Yale was getting along.

"In the bad times of the late nineteen-sixties, in response to student restlessness, a committee appointed by Kingman Brewster recommended a seminar program in the residential colleges and encouraged undergraduates to suggest courses, with outside teachers approved by the faculty," he said. "I was for three years chairman of the program. Some of the suggestions were pretty far out—How to Repair an Automobile, for example—and we didn't approve them all, but we have had courses in Buddhism, Elementary Spoken Hebrew, and Cantonese, and many in the areas of medicine, politics, and judicial procedure. We've called on the Law, Medical, and Divinity Schools to teach some of these—the first time some of the graduate faculty have taught undergraduates. The program has proved that you can work with students on a curriculum in a controlled way. In any event, the Yale of 1973, unlike the Yale of 1968, is calm." As we rose to leave, he said, "The Vietnam war and the draft caused the trouble. Those were the generating things. It was not a deep-seated sickness, as so many thought. There's been an amazing difference within the past two years. We have a dedicated, zealous group of students. One of them, who is working on his Ph.D. and whom I recall as a rebellious undergraduate, said to me the other day, 'I'm having such a good time with my dissertation.' "



"I want to apologize. When you told me Agnew would step down, when you told me Gerald Ford would succeed him, when you . . ."

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"Wonder Bar"

ROLLING home from the best Christmas party of the year (at Perez Printing, a small print shop in SoHo), we saw a gladsome sight: "Wonder Bar," a hilarious old Jolson

"I never promised you a rose garden."

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movie that practically never gets shown in theatres, was playing at the Bleecker Street Cinema. How could this be? We dashed inside and met Les Rubin, president and founder of Movie Musicals, Inc., at the Bleecker Street Cinema—a brand-new outfit dedicated to renting the B. St. C. on weekends for the purpose of showing superior old movies.

"I just had to do this," said Les Rubin, whose background is: social director at a bungalow colony in the mountains; assistant manager of the first Jay Goldin campaign for comptroller, in 1969 (the time he ran as "the young dynamo"); public relations. "I have a little girl. I want to show her all the great movies. But 'Meet Me in St. Louis' can only be seen at 3 A.M. on television. What should I do? Get her up? And have my wife holler, 'It's school tomorrow'? So here we are. This is our second weekend. And what has everybody said? 'Les, how *could* you? The worst two weekends in the year. First the ice storm. Then Christmas.' But, I'll tell you, we took in three hundred dollars last Sunday. People came in, and their boots and shoes were *all* salt. Eight students from Adelphi came all the way from Garden City. Look, this place is not for cinema buffs. I am only running movies I think are good enough to be just plain entertainment."

Movie talk ensued. We told Les we loved Ann Miller, and he told us she had made a Second World War movie called "Reveille with Beverly." We asked him to try to find a movie whose name we can't remember but that co-stars—we *think*—John Barrymore and the Ritz Brothers. He told us he had for sale the only copies of the record of the original Judy Garland sound track of "Annie Get Your Gun."

"Nostalgia!" said Les. "Unh, how I hate that word! I just want to show people things they don't know and want to know. Look at my partner, Larry."

A guy came out of the ticket booth and we looked at him. It was Larry. "Larry has an M.A. in meteorology," said Les. "It wasn't until *tonight* that he realized there was a difference between William Powell and Dick Powell. And look what it's done for him! He just had a brilliant idea. We put a big sign out front that says, '40° WARMER INSIDE.' "

Then we took in the midnight show of "Wonder Bar."

THE CROCODILE AND YOU

His Great Age

THE crocodile is older than you and me. He goes clear back to the mid-Triassic period, and looks it. When the dinosaurs gave out, toward the end of the Cretaceous, or Age of Belief, some crocodiles wanted to call it an era, too, but others argued that, while they accepted full responsibility, they had done absolutely nothing to warrant extinction, and that the next hundred million years could be golden ones. It must be admitted that there have been disappointments. Nowadays, crocodiles can hardly bring themselves to get out of bed.

Dimensions

NINE to thirteen feet is about average for your adult Nile crocodile, although accurate measurements are complicated by wriggling. The American crocodile grows somewhat larger, while the saltwater crocodile of Asia sometimes reaches a length of twenty feet or more—or did before Communism. Some people argue that this is really *big*, but you'll notice that they are usually quite short themselves—about five-five. The Florida alligator, a member in good standing of the crocodile family, can also measure up to twenty feet if pressed. Chinese alligators (now rare) are more delicate, as a result of centuries of bound feet.

Alimentation

YOUNG crocodiles eat mostly insects and shellfish. Adults get by on one meal a week, which may consist of a careless mammal, a helping of fish, or one or more young crocodiles. They are hasty eaters, who tend to bolt their lunch; this might lead to indigestion if their diet did not also include stones, which grind up the unchewed mouthfuls in their stomach and help to absorb excess acidity. If a young crocodile survives for five years, he has a fair chance of not becoming a handbag.

Identity

CAN you tell a crocodile from an alligator without using notes? Do not be hasty. Those who maintain that the crocodile's snout is long and pointy, while the alligator's is blunt and rounded, may be letting themselves in for a nasty surprise one day, for the opposite can also be true. Luckily, there is an infallible test. Lie down alongside the reptile in question, first making sure that his mouth is closed, and see whether the long fourth tooth of the lower jaw is visible. If it is—crocodile! If not—if it fits, that is, into a cavity cleverly prepared for it in the upper jaw (gently lift the spongy outer gum for a peek at the cavity)—alligator! The caimans of South America, near brothers to the American alligators, have no bony septum between the nostrils, and suffer from incapacitating sinus as a result. There is no problem at all in recognizing the other surviving branch of the family Crocodilidae, the gharials, or gavials. Gharials have extremely narrow snouts, with which they make life repugnant for aquatic species in the rivers of India and Burma. There is also the Malayan *Tomistoma*, or false gharial (whose falsity is said to be a matter not of biology but of character), and the stealthy Indian crocodile, or mugger. Neither is worth a moment of our time.

Fear of Crocodiles

FEAR of crocodiles lingers on among us, sad to say. It is true that certain crocodiles can be dangerous to man. Also to woman—especially Dorothy Lamour. But who wants to live forever?

A Foolish Legend

THE sewers of New York City do not teem with crocodilians that once were house pets, as has often been rumored. Those long, menacing objects are minisubs of uncertain origin, perhaps Bolivian.

Visitors from Outer Space?

MANY millennia ago, it is said, our planet was visited by sentient beings who had mastered space travel and the art of cooking bacon. A popular current hypothesis has it that they established contact with man, whom they considered the most promising species around at the time. New and impartial evidence suggests, however, that the antediluvian astronauts probably banked everything on the more solidly established crocodile. This, according to Zurich prehistorian Karl von Anderschlote, explains the Great Dragon of China, the Crocodile Gods of ancient Egypt, and the Alligator Père.

Erotica

THE sex life of crocodiles and alligators is mostly inadvertent. Among American species, sexual roles since the Eocene have become increasingly sloppy. Females are supposed to exude a musk, but very few bother. Far too many virile males dissipate their natural ardor in cold baths and long walks. Even lasting friendships are now rare, at least in the Miami area.

A Parable

TWO crocodiles died of old age and ascended to Heaven, where they were chagrined to find that God was, after all, a hippopotamus. "Even so, we are better off than the Lepidoptera," said one. "What I chiefly regret," said the other, "are our good works."

Alligator Wrestling

WRESTLING (or "wrassling") an alligator is routine once you get the hang of it. For some reason, the muscles that snap the great jaws shut with such dismal aplomb can only just manage to get them open. Holding the mouth firmly with one hand, try for a quick "reverse pinion." Alligators pretend to be at their best in a crisis, but they are short-winded and poop out quickly, particularly when the stakes are small.

Social Organization

CROCODILES live by themselves in crocodile-size burrows, near the mouths of sluggish rivers and in the depths of fetid swamps. They are professional loners, belonging neither to sea nor to land; unable really to unbend and enjoy themselves, they developed early in the Miocene a tendency toward truculence and an obsession with secrecy. In spite of this, they expect you to take them at their word. Once a full-grown crocodile gets into your house, it is awfully difficult to get him out.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

PABLO

WHEN my brother was arrested after a speech against the government and spent a short term in prison, my parents were proud of him. "It looks like something can be expected from Pablo, after all," they said.

I used to go to the student demonstrations with my friends to hear Pablo. How he could improvise! Perhaps because of his constant reading of Neruda, García Lorca, and other poets, some of their lyricism came out in his speeches. I like to remember Pablo standing on the top step by the statue in the little park near the Presidential quarters, his long pale hands waving, eyes shining, his thin, elongated face a flame against the gray sky of Bogotá.

There was nothing extraordinary in his being a revolutionary; every university student who respected himself was a revolutionary, a visitor of brothels, a poet. It was only that, before, Pablo had been outstanding at nothing.

He never played soccer. He was afraid of shadows, and had a tendency to cry. As a small boy, when we were invited to the hacienda of one of our uncles, Pablo was terrified of the bulls and the snakes, and refused to ride the ponies. When I joined my cousins galloping bareback on the ponies, they would all point to me. "Look at Elena," they would say. "Aren't you ashamed, Pablo?" He was ashamed, but he remained indoors, reading a book or leafing through magazines.

"He is going to be like his father," Mother explained, "a lover of books." But in school Pablo was a mediocre student, and he talked of becoming an accountant when he finished school. "Nonsense!" Mama said. "You will follow in your father's steps. University and a noteworthy career."

Though his speeches aroused admiration, Pablo was not an ideal revolutionary. Each weekend, instead of following the itineraries that had been assigned to him—visits to the peasants who lived in huts on the outskirts of the city and to the workmen who lived in the city—Pablo kept returning to the same poor families with gifts and medical samples, even bringing his medical-student friends to look at the sick.

At home he'd go into long descriptions of these visits. He'd tell us about the bricklayer José, who had found an old rug on a dump behind the construction site where he worked and hung it up in the two-room house in which he lived with his wife and many children. "Every Sunday I find José in front of the rug, as if in front of an altar. He stares and smiles in silence, as if the patterns of the old dusty rug were roads where he escapes the misery of his reality."

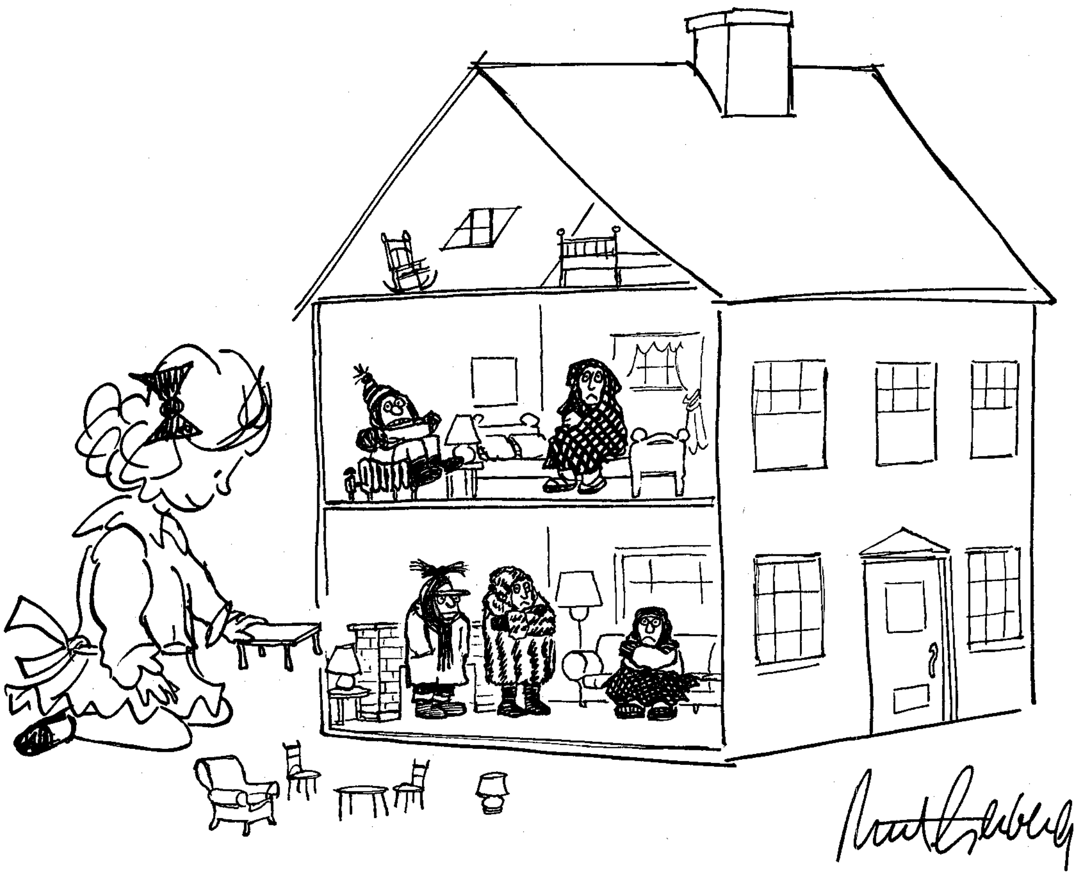
Sometimes, in the middle of telling about his peasant and bricklayer friends, Pablo's voice would break from emotion, and he would try to cover this up by coughing. What my parents found most disheartening was the intensity of Pablo's involvement. But, like everyone who knew my brother then, they were captured by his magnetism and by the words that seemed his own fresh invention. "Of course he is a poet now," my father would say, "but life will teach him to be practical. He'll make a first-rate lawyer."

Pablo did not finish law school. In retaliation for student demonstrations, the government closed the university for a year. When it reopened, Pablo's eloquence was remembered against him. And the fact that as a judge my father had administered justice at the expense of friends and regardless of influences brought to bear on him was no help. The university doors were closed to Pablo.

So, after all, Pablo got his wish: he became an accountant. And then one day my brother was in jail again.

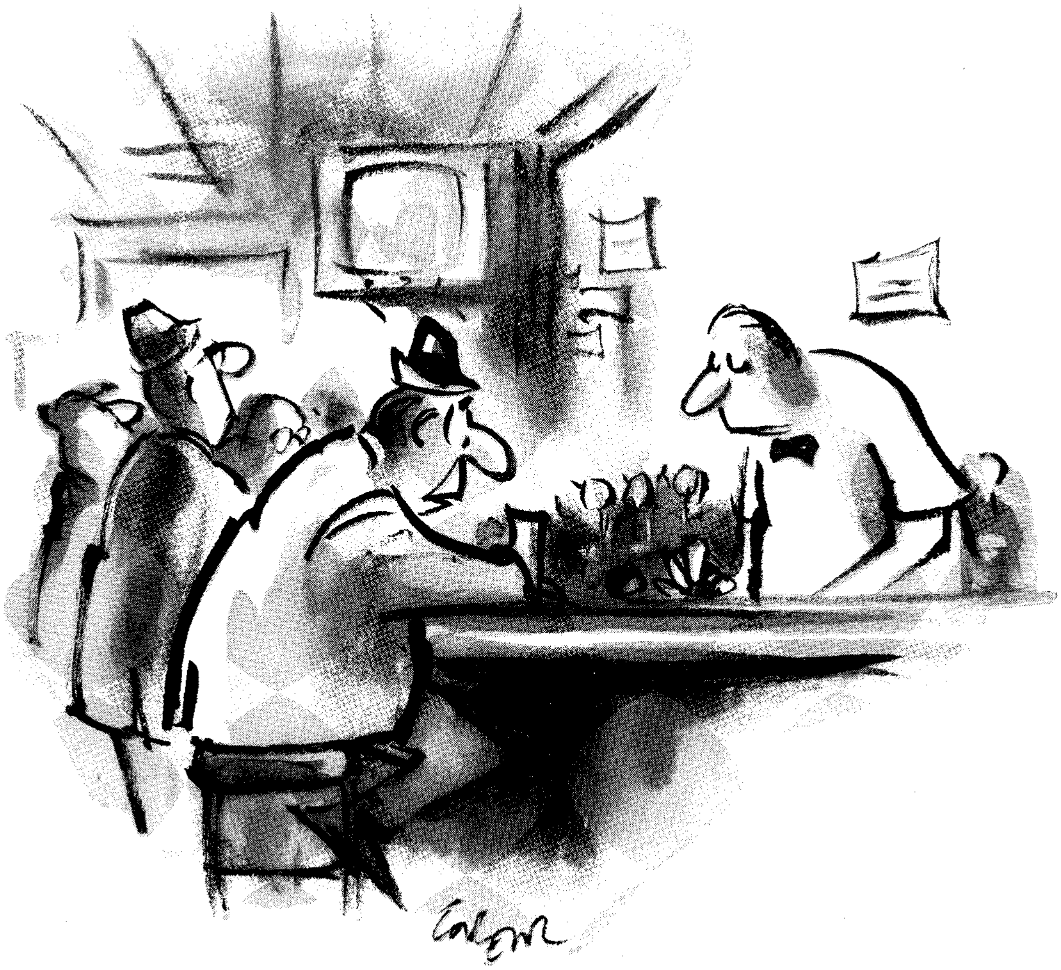
WHENEVER my father and Pablo and I wanted to discuss, away from Mama, projects that she disdainfully labelled as "nonsense," we would meet in the Café Bolívar. Standing at the door of the café, one could look up to the left, at the climbing narrow streets of dirty stores, smelly factories, and workmen's houses of brick and plaster, most of them unfinished and with earth floors. At the top, against the foot of Monserrate Hill, was a whitewashed, towerless church with broken windows. Downhill, to the right of the café, was an old church filled with treasures and, farther down, the Presidential palace, the pompous old Teatro Colón, and the Plaza Bolívar and the capitol building, with its Greek columns. Farther still, one could see the tall modern buildings, the new wide avenues stretching toward the wealthy residential area, dissolving in the green of the savanna.

The café was a long corridor crowded with small round tables. On the walls were posters of Manolete, Bel-



monte, and other famous bullfighters, and caricatures of politicians. Even with all the lights on, the café was always dark and filled with cigarette smoke, the soft music of boleros and old tangos, and the aroma of strong roasted coffee. At a corner table, near the counter, my father, Pablo, and I would get drunk on black coffee, cigarettes, and words.

I don't know why we preferred that café and not one closer to our house or to my father's court of justice, Pablo's university, and my office. Our projects—or "nonsense," as Mama called them—came and went and sometimes lasted only a week. That did not matter. Pablo was writing a play about the man who issued the first clandestine newspaper, during the struggle for Colombian independence. He had been tortured by the Spaniards and exiled to Africa. I remember my brother's whispering voice as he read fragments of his play to us. Pablo's teachers had encouraged him to believe that the play was worthy of the Teatro Colón. I was going to play the classical guitar during the intermissions. Father's projects were more modest. He talked about buying a piece of land near the sea, in a tiny village where land was practically given away, and of a literary magazine that he and Pablo and a wealthy friend of his were going to start.



"Ninety per cent of all the scientists who ever lived are alive today, and twenty per cent of them are out of work."

Some nights, on leaving the café we would see an ascending line of candles on the hill and hear the distant singing of hymns. It was a procession of workmen and their families, led by the priest of the towerless church.

"I wonder how many pesos they spent on candles," Pablo would say. Or "Imagine how many children will be conceived tonight after the procession."

"Come on, speechmaker," Father would say. "It's getting late and the Kaiser is waiting." Meaning my mother.

Some evenings, Pablo would grow sombre for no apparent reason. "Tell Mama that I will not be home for dinner," he would say. Then he would walk off in the direction of the Teatro Colón, to see a play from his favorite spot in the balcony.

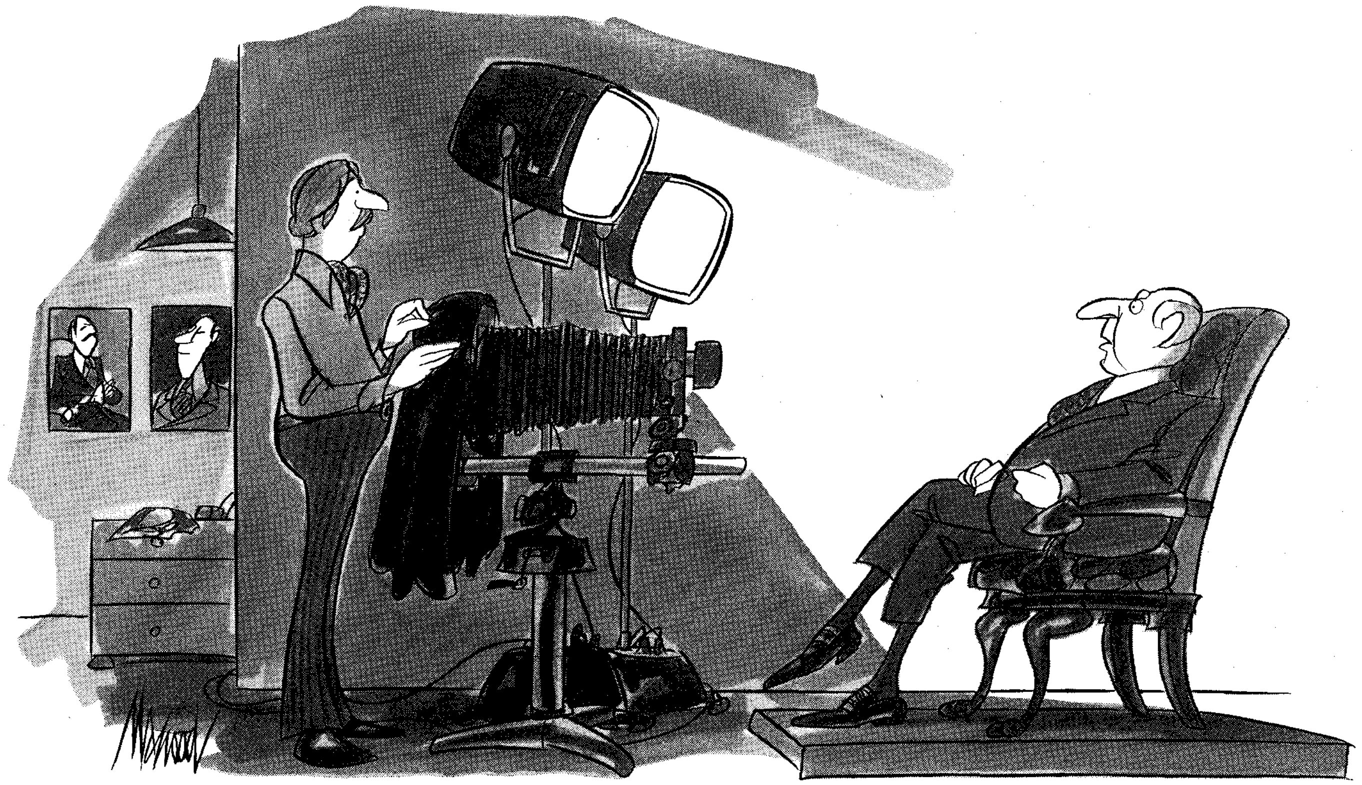
After Pablo's marriage—to a girl whose only act of rebellion against her family was marrying my brother—he seldom joined my father and me at the café. When he did, he would speak of his problems with his wife's family. The years passed. Pablo and Amelia had twin daughters. Amelia's family continued to look down on him and they interfered in the way he and Amelia brought up their daughters, demanding he send them to a school he could not afford. It was not that Amelia complained, he told us, but she was constantly on the phone, repeating, "But Pablo cannot afford it. Pablo cannot afford it."

Father and I did not care to listen to Pablo's troubles—not there in the café, the place of our fantasies. Had Pablo forgotten his play and the hero's dream of justice and freedom, we wondered. Father and I came to prefer his empty chair. I became engaged, and one evening Pablo interrupted me while I was describing the house my fiancé, Carlos, and I hoped to build someday, and Father said, "Really, Pablo, we don't come here to have our pleasure spoiled by you."

Yet it was Father who brought the news of Pablo's imprisonment to our café.

THAT evening, I had been waiting for some time at our table, suspecting nothing. Finally, I saw my father, his hat in his hand and under one arm the newspapers he brought home each evening for Mother. White-haired and frowning, he was making his way between the crowded tables. Something was missing, and it was his air of dignity, of pride, or perhaps even of arrogance.

He kissed my forehead and sat down. Then without preface he said, "Your brother is in jail!" When I exclaimed, he whispered, "Sh-h-h, sh-h-h. An embezzlement. We must keep your mother from knowing. I spent the whole afternoon trying to find an influential friend who can speak to the right people at the newspapers, so that the news of the scandal will be postponed at least a day, until we get your



"Light on the id, heavy on the super-ego."

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mother out of the city. I found no one, of course. Our name will be all over the newspapers tomorrow. I can think of many who will be delighted to learn that I have a thief . . . a fool . . . for a son."

The waiter who always took care of us approached with Father's coffee and his usual smile, expecting the usual greeting, but without looking at him my father indicated with a gesture of his hand that he wanted nothing. To me he said, "Call your boss tonight. Explain the situation to him and ask for a week, at least, while you take your mother to Villeta." Villeta was a village to the north of the city where we often spent vacations. "You can tell your mother you are feeling overtired or getting a cold—whatever—and tomorrow morning I'll put you both on the early train. The thing is to keep the papers away from her, and the family visits and phone calls. Later on, we'll think of a way to break the news to her."

"What about you, Father? Will this affect your position?"

He ran his hand over his face and did not answer my question. Then he slapped the table with a peso bill and we left. I remember that as I stepped out of the café I said to myself, "I will never again return to this place."

Father sat in one corner of the taxi and I sat in the other. We said nothing as we weighed the effect Pablo's imprisonment would have on our lives.

At the door of our apartment, Father paused to take a deep breath before inserting the key. He whispered, "Careful now. She must notice nothing."

Mother was sitting in a chair near the radio, her face very pale; her dark eyes enlarged as she stared at us. "I have just heard it all," she said, looking at Father. "They mentioned your name, my name. Why didn't you tell me?"

Her voice was filled with anger. I left them in the room and went to the kitchen to make coffee for my father and me and for my mother a tisane.

When I returned, she was saying, "How are we to face people? How can you continue being a judge after this? And you, poor dear," she said to me, stretching her arm to take the cup. "And Carlos—oh, God, what will Carlos say?"

I did not have to wait long to learn my fiancé's reaction. Carlos telephoned that night to express his concern. He had heard, and, yes, news of the embezzlement was everywhere, he was sorry to say. He was thinking of me and my poor mother and, of course, my father. A terrible thing indeed. As his brother-in-law said, what an irony that such a thing should happen to the son of a man with such strict ideas of justice. Pablo had been a fool. After all, as his brother-in-law had said, an embezzlement—well, an embezzlement was a daily occurrence. Yes, Pablo had been a fool.

"Of course nothing is going to change between us," he assured me. "What a foolish thing for you to think. Wouldn't it be better, though, for you to be with your parents for a few days? I can imagine how much they must be needing you now. Don't you agree?" I agreed, and did not ask if this was his brother-in-law's suggestion.

The next day, news of the embezzlement was in every paper. One of them had got hold of an old photo of Pablo. The caption under it was "The Son of a Judge Obsessed with Justice." Our small apartment was invaded by relatives and by Mama's close friends from her canasta game and her church group, all greatly concerned about the effect of Pablo's act on my father's position and my mother's health.

That night, freed from the visitors, Father spoke again of sending Mama and me out of the city while the scandal subsided. This time, Mama took part in the conversation, her suggestions sounding even wilder than his. "Panamá is near and not so expensive. We could all go there for a month. What do you think?" she asked, knowing perfectly well that it was an impossibility.

Father also brought up the question of whether he should resign, by way of, so to speak, exonerating himself, and us. It would be mentioned in all the newspapers, and of course one was always hungry for heroic acts, but to resign his salary was a heroism even he could not afford.

During that week, he went several times to see Pablo in prison. Pablo kept asking about us, he said. "It's obvious to me and to the lawyer that someone else is involved and that Pablo has been used for purposes he didn't understand. Where are all the thousands and thousands they're speaking about? Apart from that trip to the coast with Amelia and the girls last Christmas, there is no evidence that Pablo has seen any of the money. I've advised him to tell the truth—to name the other party or parties. Why should all the mud fall on our name?"

"My poor Pablo," Mother said, half crying. "God knows how much I'm thinking of him, but I don't have the strength to go and see him—not yet."

I said, "I'm not prepared to see him, either."

Father wanted to find a way for us to see Pablo without exposing ourselves to the humiliation of visiting him in the prison. "Maybe something can be arranged through the lawyer," he said.

NOTHING was arranged, and one day, without telling Father a word, my mother and I decided to go.

It was a sunny day. We told the taxi-driver to let us out two blocks from the prison. It was a bad neighborhood. The women stopped screaming at their children long enough to come to their doors to look at us—two conspicuous women huddling against each other as they walked, wearing coats and scarves, and Mother in a hat with a veil.

The prison was a gray stone block. At the entrance, a police sergeant sat behind a desk, reading a paperback with a naked woman on the cover. He slipped the book quickly under some papers and stood up to perform an extravagant salute in the military style. "*Ah, sí, Señora, Señorita*, please follow me." As we walked along, he explained that, unfortunately, we had to go through a long corridor lined with cells in order to reach the yard where on sunny days the prisoners were allowed to receive their relatives in the open air. And was this not a splendid day? He knew my father—and, by the way, we had just missed him. Yes, he knew and respected the Judge. Life, ah, life! Some things were simply unexplainable. He searched my mother's face while he spoke. She walked along with her head lifted, as unresponsive as a statue carried in a procession.

The stench of the creosol used to cover the strong stenches along the corridor was nauseating. On the wall were obscene figures and words.

At the end of the long corridor was a door opening out into a yard with trees and discolored green wooden benches. The prisoners, mostly peasants with ponchos, were smoking and eating fried bananas and rice, thick corn soup, and meatless dishes, which their women had brought in paper bags. The yard had the aspect of a pueblo square on market day.

"There he is! I'll leave you now," the sergeant said, and pointed toward a tree. Mother stopped abruptly. There they are—I could tell by the change in her face that she was thinking—killers and thieves, and among them my son.

Pablo was wearing dark glasses and leaning against a tree, both hands inside his coat pockets. He hadn't shaved for days.

When he saw us, he started. Then he came up to us and without a word embraced my mother and then me. We stood looking at each other's faces. I remember thinking, What do you say when you are visiting someone in jail? Do you ask if the cell is comfortable and how are the meals? Do you say that there is a new play opening at the Colón next Saturday and what a pity it is that they cannot see it?

"You will perhaps tire yourself standing here," Pablo said, and pointed to an empty bench.

Mother said she preferred to remain where we were.

"Have you seen Amelia and the girls?" he asked. "Amelia was here two days ago. She came with her father. We didn't have a chance to speak to each other alone. I've asked her to tell the little girls that I am on a long journey, but I don't know whether . . . with her family . . . it will be possible to keep the truth from them."

Mother said, "Amelia should understand by now that you and the girls are her first concern, not her family." And then: "Pablo, take off those glasses!"

As he removed them, I noticed the trembling in his hand. His eyes were red and swollen from weeping, and now more tears came. Quickly he put the glasses on.

"For heaven's sake, Pablo, don't cry!" Mother's voice was a harsh whisper.

The tears ran down his cheeks. His mouth was quivering, his nose dripping. I thought of an old man I had seen in front of my office building one day, peeing.

A peasant woman sitting on a bench near us shook her head sadly. "*Pobre-*

cito," she said. "*Pobrecito el señor.*" The others near her stopped talking and eating to stare at us.

Mother took a perfumed white handkerchief from her purse and offered it to Pablo, but he did not take it. With his own soiled handkerchief he blew his nose.

After a long silence, he turned to me and said, "And Carlos, how is he?"

"I don't know," I said. "He phoned a couple of times." Then, in unison, Mother and I said, "It's all over with Carlos!"

A cold breeze swept the yard. As so often happens in Bogotá, the sun had suddenly retreated toward the savanna, leaving a gray, metallic sky. The yard had turned silent. A few of the prisoners were still eating slowly, their eyes gazing into space.

Pablo mumbled something, almost to himself. I could make out "I've inflicted . . ." and then the words "humiliation" and "shame."

I looked at his eyes behind the dark glasses. They were the eyes of Pablo, the little boy frightened by shadows and by the beasts of my uncle's hacienda. The eyes shifted back and forth between my mother's face and mine, pleading.

I looked away.

After a prolonged silence, he asked me for a cigarette and I gave him an unfinished pack I was carrying in my purse. I watched his hands as he lit the cigarette—so pale and thin they were, and like porcelain. Suddenly I wanted to hold my brother's hands, to say . . . What could I have said? What? I looked at his drawn face, but that afternoon my brother was a stranger, inspiring only silence.

A loud whistle blew. "You must leave now, before the second whistle," Pablo said.

He took my mother's arm lightly and began to guide us toward the corridor. From his pocket he took a piece of paper folded in the shape of an envelope and gave it to me. "Give this to Amelia, please. Inside are two letters for the little girls."

Mother was fumbling in her purse. She took out a tiny package wrapped in white silk paper. "Here, Pablo. It's a medal of St. Jude. Wear it, dear. He'll look after you."

Pablo said, "*Gracias,*" and dropped the package in his pocket. "Go now, please—quickly, before the others begin to leave."

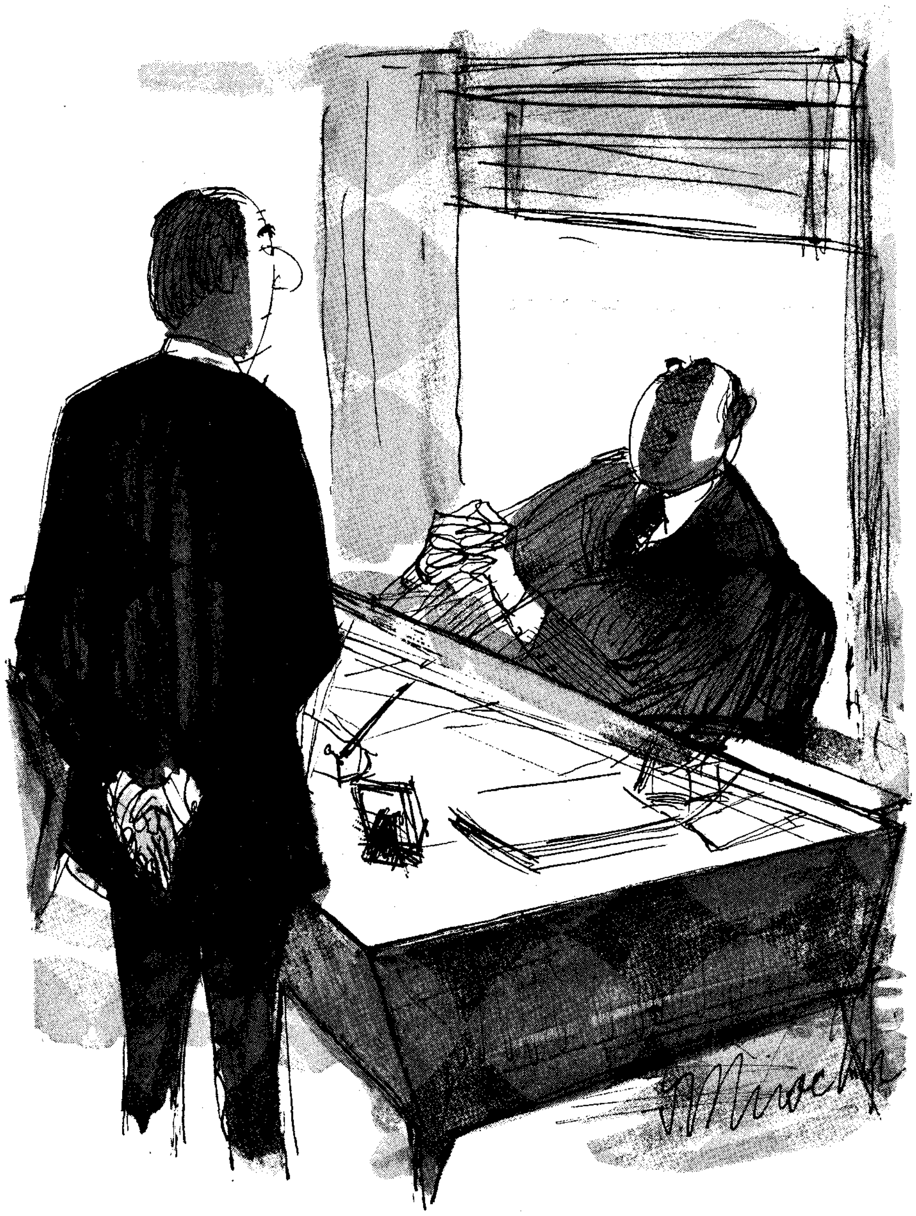
Mother reached up and kissed his cheek. He started to say something, but it was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

This was the last time any of us saw Pablo. That weekend, the man Pablo worked for, using his powerful connections, got Pablo out of jail and on a plane to Uruguay—to what the man described to my father as "freedom and a new start for Pablo."

"You know, of course," my father explained to Mother and me, "why he wanted Pablo out of the country, why all this generosity!"

WE hardly ever hear from Pablo now. Amelia speaks of joining him, with the girls. Father and I still meet to discuss our projects in a café, any café near the center of Bogotá. We sip our coffee in silence, he frowns, I sigh, but we rarely mention my brother's name. The other day, a friend from the Colombian Embassy in Montevideo brought some news. He saw Pablo one evening in a bar. He is working in a factory now, and his teeth, the friend said, are in poor shape. We keep this news from Mama.

—LYLL BECERRA DE JENKINS



"I'm afraid a raise is quite out of the question, Hopkins, but perhaps one of our lawyers can suggest some tax loopholes for you."

•

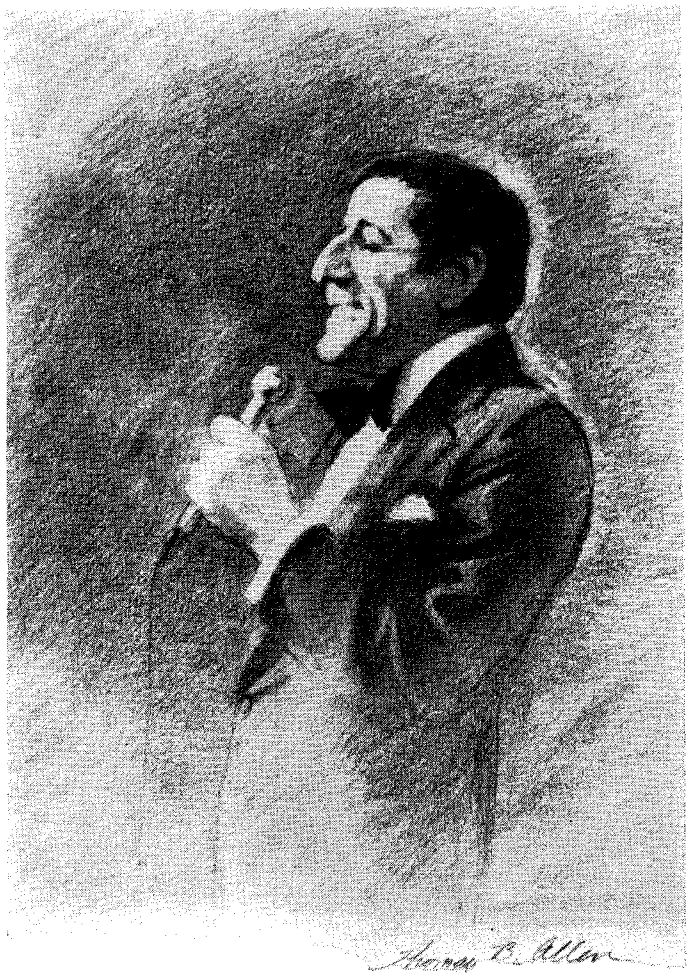
WORKING IN WINTER

We could fall.
The branches are slippery enough.
January in the top of a maple.
A tree saw hanging from my belt.
Who are you?
What are you doing up there?
How does it feel?
The sidewalk blows away.
It feels good. The air is crazy,
filling with snow. Cars maneuver
around the piles of branches
in the street. The cuts
smelling of fresh wood.
The snow and sawdust
falling together.

—KEITH ALTHAUS

PROFILES

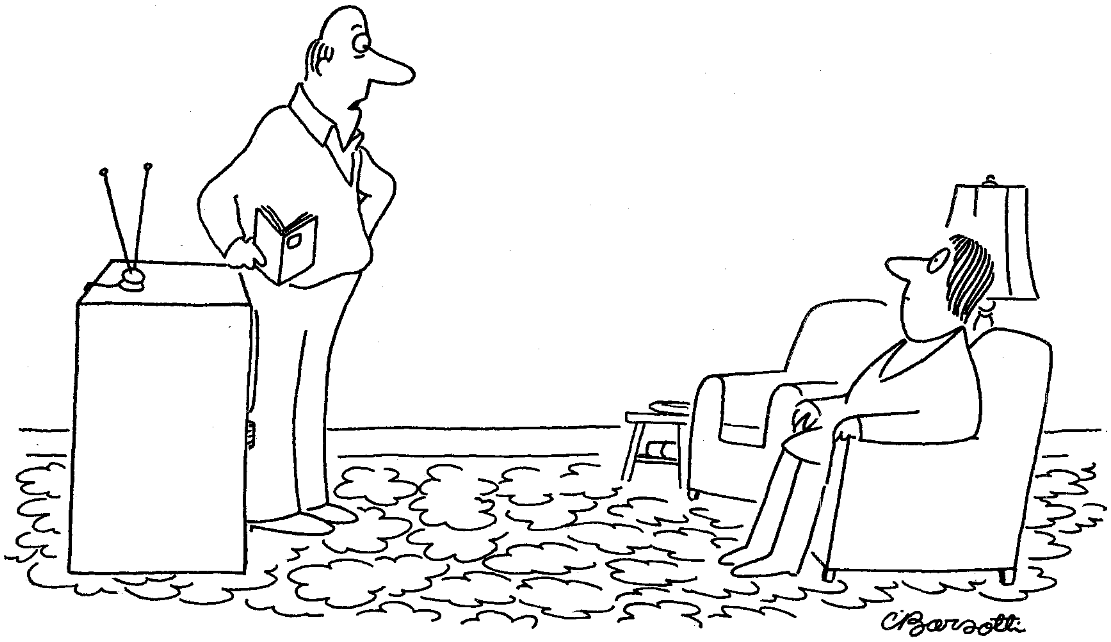
A QUALITY THAT LETS YOU IN



Tony Bennett

As a child of radio and the Victrola, of the microphone and the recording, I have been listening most of my life to American popular singers, and their number and variety are astonishing and almost endless. Their names, which form an American mythology, come easily to mind: Russ Columbo, Whispering Jack Smith, Gene Austin, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Sophie Tucker, Arthur Tracy, Al Jolson, Kate Smith, Rudy Vallée, Bessie Smith, Fred Astaire, Louis Armstrong, Mildred Bailey, Red McKenzie, Ivie Anderson, Ethel Waters, Bing Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Tony Martin, Ethel Merman, Johnny Mercer, Jack Teagarden, Dick Haymes, Josh White, Joe Turner, Jimmy Rushing, Mabel Mercer, the Boswell Sisters, the Andrews Sisters, the Mills Brothers, the Ink Spots, the Golden Gate Quartette, Helen Humes, Mary Martin, Ray Nance, Paul Robeson, Maxine Sullivan, Lee Wiley, Bob Eberly, Ray Eberle, Helen O'Connell, Woody Guthrie, Gene Autry, Pete Seeger, Johnny Cash, Eddy Arnold, Noble Sissle, Richard Dyer-Bennet, Helen Ward, Morton Downey, Martha Tilton, Helen Forrest, Frank Sinatra, Georgia Gibbs, Nat King Cole, Hoagy Carmichael, Anita O'Day, Kenny Baker, June Christy, Eddie Fisher, Frankie Laine, Vaughn Monroe, Frances Langford, Sylvia Syms, Johnny Mathis, Rosemary Clooney, Leadbelly, Judy Garland, Dinah Shore, Billy Eckstine, Eartha Kitt, Buddy Greco, Peggy Lee, Harry Belafonte, Anita Ellis, Bo Diddley, Elvis Presley, Lena Horne, Doris Day, Pearl Bailey, Perry Como, Margaret Whiting, Mel Tormé, Jo Stafford, Tony Bennett, Blossom Dearie, Teddi King, Kay Starr, Patti Page, Carmen McRae, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, Teresa Brewer, Dean Martin, Sarah Vaughan, Ray Charles, Mahalia Jackson, Bobby Short, Helen Merrill, Stella Brooks, Dinah Washington, Chris Connor, Andy Williams, Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gormé, Dionne Warwick, James Brown, B. B. King, Aretha Franklin, Joan Baez, Barbra Streisand, Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, Nina Simone, Glen Campbell, and Roberta Flack. They have, in the past forty years, become ubiquitous—on the radio, on records, on jukeboxes, in the movies, on the stage, in night clubs, on television, and in concert halls. Indeed, they have created, as a huge, ceaselessly moving and changing body of troubadours, the most pervasive and familiar sounds in American life. Many are famous, and some are among the most famous people of this century. Few adults in the Western world are unaware of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra and Judy Garland and Nat King Cole and Tony Bennett and of the anthem status they have, respectively, given such songs as "White Christmas," "I'll Never Smile Again," "Over the Rainbow," "Nature Boy," and "I Left My Heart in San Francisco." One of the reasons for this unique, engulfing outpouring of song was the invention of the microphone, which, together with its handmaidens, radio and the recording, made two things possible: omnipresent singing, and a successful singing career without a voice. (Since then, a couple of generations of "microphone" singers have come along. Take away their mikes, and by and large their voices vanish. Some notable examples: Blossom Dearie, Mel Tormé, Mildred Bailey, and Chris Connor.) Another was the appearance in the tens and twenties and thirties of the first great American songwriters, such as Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and George Gershwin; the lives of their countless marvellous songs were wholly dependent on being performed, and so a new and insatiable demand for more and better singers arose. Still another reason was our old habit of letting off excess emotional and romantic steam through singing. (Never has there been more singing in this country than during the Depression and the Second World War.) Consider the minstrel singers, the cowboys, the slaves who first sang blues and spirituals, the young women who got off the latest Stephen Foster in the parlor of an evening, the hillbilly singers, the Irish and Neapolitan tenors, and the light-classical singers such as John McCormack and Lawrence Tibbett. The first microphone singers were the crooners, who, with their patent-leather baritones and oily vibratos, evolved from the basically European singing of the McCormacks and Tibbetts in the twenties. And out of the crooners came Bing Crosby, who, cutting the silver cord to Europe, almost by himself invented American popular singing.

American popular singers range from the consummate to the regrettable. Ella Fitzgerald can do anything with her voice, while Vaughn Monroe was bathetic. Most of them, though, share certain characteristics. Their voices tend to be homemade and friendly—the kind you feel like squeez-



"What do you say we just skip all those 'year-in-review' specials this time around?"

• •

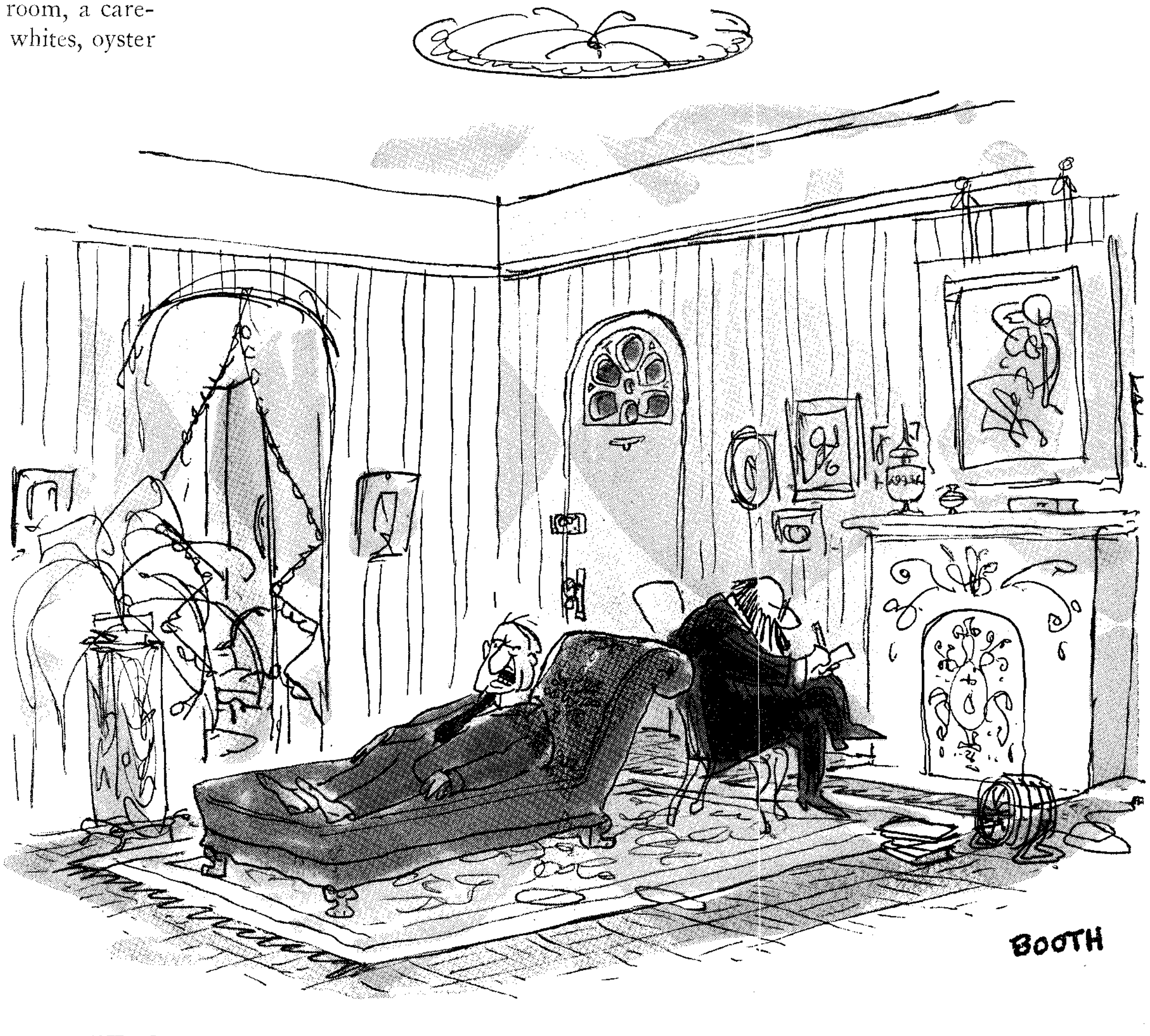
ing or shaking hands with. Their intonation is often weak and their breathing uncertain. Their phrases sometimes dangle. Their voices, which rarely have much coloration, are a complex mixture of cheerful intent, emotion, electronics, and bravado. But the popular singer's lack of technical aplomb is his great virtue, for it allows him to sing Kern and Porter and Gershwin as no highly trained singer can. Ezio Pinza oversang Richard Rodgers, while Tony Bennett undersings him in such a way that Rodgers' superb melodies seem to come to life on their own. Pinza inflated Rodgers' songs, but Bennett illuminates and aerates them. Bing Crosby was the first popular singer to learn this trick, and he did it in large part by listening to jazz musicians. He listened to Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington (he recorded "St. Louis Blues" with Ellington in 1932), and he was tutored by Mildred Bailey when he was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. He hung out in Chicago with Bix Beiderbecke and Jimmy McPartland. He learned to sing legato, to phrase in a "lazy" fashion. He learned rubato and the ornamental, open-glottal notes—the "aaums" and "oowoos"—that made every phrase he sang sound as if it started with a vowel. The great instrumentalists like Beiderbecke "sing" on their horns, and through them he was taught to flow melodically. He learned to make his comfortable, front-porch baritone appear capacious and important. In turn, he taught a generation of popular singers. The best of them was Frank Sinatra. Sinatra had also listened to Armstrong and Mildred Bailey, but he had, as well, grown up on Billie Holiday and Mabel Mercer. (Popular singers such as Billie Holiday are in effect jazz singers, and are more like instrumentalists than vocalists. They use their materials not as harmonic and melodic maps but as departure points for elaborate, hornlike improvisations.) Sinatra was a more serious singer than Crosby, whose offhandedness sometimes gave him an absentminded quality. At the outset of his career, Sinatra sang with Tommy Dorsey's band, and Dorsey, a lyrical player of the first order, taught him—in Dorsey's words—how to "drive a ballad." Sinatra's ballads, freed of Crosby's ornamentation and reverberative effects, took on an almost hymnlike dimension. He *believed* the lyrics he sang, and he delivered them with an intense, clean articulation. His voice was smaller and lighter than Crosby's, but his phrasing and immaculate sense of timing gave it a poise and stature Crosby's lacked. Sinatra, in his turn, brought along another generation of popular singers, and the best of them is Tony Bennett. Indeed, now that Crosby and Sinatra have stepped aside, Bennett has become the most widely admired American popular singer. (Sinatra's recent return to recording and television will probably, like all such late-career stirrings, be brief.) Alec Wilder, who has known Bennett for twenty-five years, recently wrote, "The list of 'believers' isn't very long. But those who are on it are very special people. Among them, certainly, is Tony Bennett. But first I should say what I mean by a believer. He is one whose sights stay high, who makes as few concessions as he can, whose ideals will not permit him to follow false trails or fashions for notoriety's or security's sake, who takes chances, who seeks to convey, by whatever means, his affections and convictions, and who has faith in the power of beauty to survive, no matter how much squalor and ugliness seek to suppress it. I am close enough to him to know that his insistence on maintaining his musical convictions has been far from easy. His effervescent delight in bringing to his audiences the best songs, the best musicians, the best of his singing and showmanship is apparent to anyone who has the good sense to listen to him in person or on records." Wilder went on to ponder Bennett's singing: "There is a quality about it that lets you in. Frank Sinatra's singing mesmerizes you. In fact, it gets so symbolic sometimes that you can't make the relationship with him as a man, even though you may know him. Bennett's professionalism doesn't block you off. It even suggests that maybe you'll see him later at the beer parlor." For all that, Bennett, a ceaseless experimenter, is an elusive singer. He can be a belter who reaches rocking fortissimos. He drives a ballad as intensely and intimately as Sinatra. He can be a lilting, glancing jazz singer. He can be a low-key, searching supper-club performer. (He has gone through visual changes as well. He for a while affected a short haircut and was wont to come onstage with his shirt collar open and his jacket slung carefully over one shoulder. Now, with the disappearance of most of his hair—an occupational hazard that has likewise afflicted Crosby and Sinatra—he wears a variety of stunningly accomplished transformations. He also keeps his jacket on, and is often seen onstage in a necktie.) But Bennett's voice binds all his vocal selves together. It is pitched slightly higher than Sinatra's (it was once a tenor, but it has deepened over the years), and it has a rich, expanding quality that is immediately identifiable. It has a joyous, jubilant quality, a pleased, shouting-within quality. It has, in a modest way, something of the hallelujah strain of Mahalia Jackson.

BENNETT lives in controlled splendor in a high, spacious apartment on the upper East Side. At home and on the road, he divides his time between his singing, which is his meat and marrow; tennis, which he took up not long ago and which he believes is essential to his singing well; drawing and painting, which he has practiced, and commendably, off and on since he was in school; and his family, which includes Danny, who is nineteen, and Daegal, who is a year younger (they are, respectively, the guitarist-singer-leader of and the drummer in a rock-blues-country-jazz group); his new wife, Sandy, a cool, pearl-blond, pearl-skinned beauty from Leesville, Louisiana; and their four-year-old daughter, a jumping bean named Joanna.

Bennett lived some recent days in New York this way:

MORNING

It is a little after nine, and Bennett, dressed in a silk robe, a yellow shirt, and modish tan pants, walks through his living room and into his studio-dining room. The living room, a careful orchestration of sharp whites, oyster whites, and pale grays, contains a sofa, overstuffed chairs, heavy glass-topped tables, a wall-to-wall shag rug, and a grand piano. A bookcase beside the window holds Blake, Picasso, Klimt, Miró, Eisenstaedt, Rodin, Norman Rockwell, Klee, and songbooks by Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin. The studio-dining room is clubbier. Canvases, their faces turned in, are stacked against one wall, and above them, on a cork wallboard, are pinned a map of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, a reproduction of a Bennett cityscape, and a lapel button reading "Quacky Duck" (the name of Danny's and Daegal's group). A big, U-shaped cabinet, covered with paints and brushes, is set against the window, and in front of it, on a slab of Lucite, are a stool and an easel. The longest wall in the room is taken up by a white desk and several shelves of stereo and recording equipment, tapes, albums, books, and framed photographs. A small dining-room table and two chairs are in a corner opposite the kitchen door. Both rooms face south, and their windows are enormous; standing in the doorway between the rooms, one can pan easily from the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge to the Jersey shore. The sunlight everywhere looks soft and expensive. Bennett turns on an all-music FM station, then sticks his head in the kitchen and asks his cook, Edith, for a mug of coffee. He takes a bowl of apples and pears from the coffee table in the living room and puts it on a corner of the dining table. A small, new canvas rests on the easel, and after he has squeezed some red, green, and yellow paint onto a palette he starts sketching in the outlines of the fruit. The Beatles' "Yesterday" comes on the radio, and he hums along with it. He works quickly and deftly with his brush, and in a minute or two the outlines of the fruit and bowl are on the canvas. Edith, a trim black woman in a white uniform, puts Bennett's coffee on the desk, and he thanks her. He sketches in a vase of long-stemmed red roses on the table just behind the fruit. "I wish I could stop right there," he says, "and just make it a sketch. I always go too far and clutter everything up. It's just recently that I've regimented myself to paint every day. Painting encloses me in a bubble of warmth. When I'm on the road, I take a sketchbook, and it's a relief, between cities, to sketch everything you see. Later, a lot of those sketches turn into paintings." He puts down his brush and riffles through a sketchbook lying on the desk. There are scenes of trees and houses in Hollywood, of Eddie Fisher's garden, of a rain-soaked park in Leeds, England, and of chimney pots in Glasgow. They are graphic and tight and detailed. "I don't understand why, but painting comes to me much easier in England. It's almost like I slip into a different style." He picks up his brush and points at the reproduction of the cityscape on the cork board. "I'm really pleased about that. It was done right out this window, and the original is in a celeb-



"Today, I'm not going to talk about my goddam mother. I'm going to talk about my goddam insurance company."

rity art show in Lincoln Center. Red Skelton is in the show, and Kim Novak and Duke Ellington and Henry Fonda. Skelton's painting is of an Emmett Kelly-type clown, which is really a self-portrait. He sold a painting once to Maurice Chevalier, and Chevalier hung it in his house between a Picasso and a Cézanne. Ellington's painting in the show is of Billy Strayhorn, and it's full of flaming blues. It's as mysterious as his music. Henry Fonda's is in the Wyeth school. But I think maybe Kim Novak is the most talented of everybody. She has a beautiful control of paints and a lot of expression. I like Impressionism and the Old Masters—the way Rembrandt could turn out a drawing that was just as fully realized as any painting. I like doing what they did rather than reaching out for something new. I try and paint in their tradition."

Joanna appears in the living-room doorway. She is about two feet high and has long dark-blond hair and huge eyes. She is in her underwear and holds a pacifier in one hand.

"Hey, Jo. How are you this morning, darlin'?" Bennett says.

"Fine. I lost my pink umbrella. It was hanging on my tricycle." Her voice is birdlike.

"Well, we'll look into that. Do you want to sit here on the stool and watch Daddy paint?" He hoists her onto the stool, and she looks as if she were sitting in a treetop. She drops her pacifier on the floor, and Bennett picks up an apple from the bowl and hands it to her. She holds it in both hands and takes a tiny bite. He laughs. "That won't make that much difference. I'll just paint it out." He blends the apple into the background and scrapes the results with a palette knife.

"There you are, Joanna," Sandy Bennett says. She is wearing a blue-and-white patterned dress and a blue blazer. Her hair hangs over one eye. "Come and get dressed. We have to go and get you some shoes, and then I have to get back here and interview some new nurses." She sighs and pouts. Joanna puts down the apple, which has four dime-size bites in it, and skinnies off the stool. "Then I'm going to call the French Lycée, Tony. It might be tough for her, but she can have a tutor, too. There are lycées in Los Angeles and London and Paris, so if we spend three months in any of those places, she'd have a school. I mean, that's what our life style is."

"Right, San," Bennett says, and puts the final strokes on his painting. Joanna runs out of the room and Bennett shouts after her, "Hey, Joanna, do you want to go buy a kite tomorrow morning and fly it in the Park?"

"Yes! Whoopee!" she shrieks, and vanishes around the corner.

At the Amalfi

It is late afternoon on the same day, and Bennett is at a back table on the ground floor of the Amalfi, on East Forty-eighth Street. He has been eating at the Amalfi since the days, twenty and more years ago, when it was a one-room place on West Forty-seventh. Phil Rizzuto, the Yankee sportscaster and former Yankee shortstop, is a couple of tables away, and Bennett greets him and sends a drink to his table. Bennett is to sing a couple of songs at ten o'clock at a benefit, and he has ordered a light supper of macaroni shells stuffed with ricotta and a bottle of Chianti classico. Bennett has the sort of face that is easily sculptured by light. In broad daytime, he tends to look jagged and awkwardly composed: his generous Roman nose booms and his pale-green eyes become slits. But the subdued lighting in the Amalfi makes him handsome and compact. His eyes become melancholy and shine darkly, the deep lines that run past his mouth are stoical, and his nose is regal. His voice, though, never changes. It is a singer's voice—soft, slightly hoarse, and always on the verge of sliding into melody. Rizzuto calls over and thanks Bennett for the drink, and Bennett nods and raises his wineglass in Rizzuto's direction. "I'm not that crazy about singing at big benefits," Bennett says, "but Ed Sullivan, who's running this one, has been good to me and I like him. I like concert halls, and what I do now is pick the best halls here and abroad, and give just one concert on Friday night and one on Saturday. I do that about thirty weekends a year. It's much nicer working concert halls than night clubs. The audience holds on to every inch of intonation and inflection. But night clubs teach performers like me. They teach you spontaneity. They teach you to keep your sense of humor. They teach you to keep your cool. All of which I needed not long ago when I gave a concert in Buffalo and decided to experiment by not using a microphone. The hall isn't that big and they could hear me, but I guess without the microphone I just didn't sound like *me*. So people started shouting. But I remembered what Ben Webster—the great, late Ben Webster—once told me: 'If I had it to do all over again, I'd leave my anger offstage.' And I did. I went backstage and got a mike, and everything was all right. In addition to my concerts, I do television specials, like the one Lena Horne and I did—just the two of us, no one else—a while back. It got very nice notices,

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PERIL

Where did you suppose the moths went
when you stopped seeing them

some that you've forgotten you ever saw
or never noticed
are standing in a circle
with their eyes inward

another joins them
coming from your window

the circle grows larger like a ring of dust
spreading on a lake of dust
it is that much harder for each of the eyes to see
in the middle of the circle the glass filament
born of a spider of air
on which is hanging and turning
the world where you are sitting
forgetting them
as the number rises
like the note of the thread

that has been too high for your ears
for a long time

—W. S. Merwin

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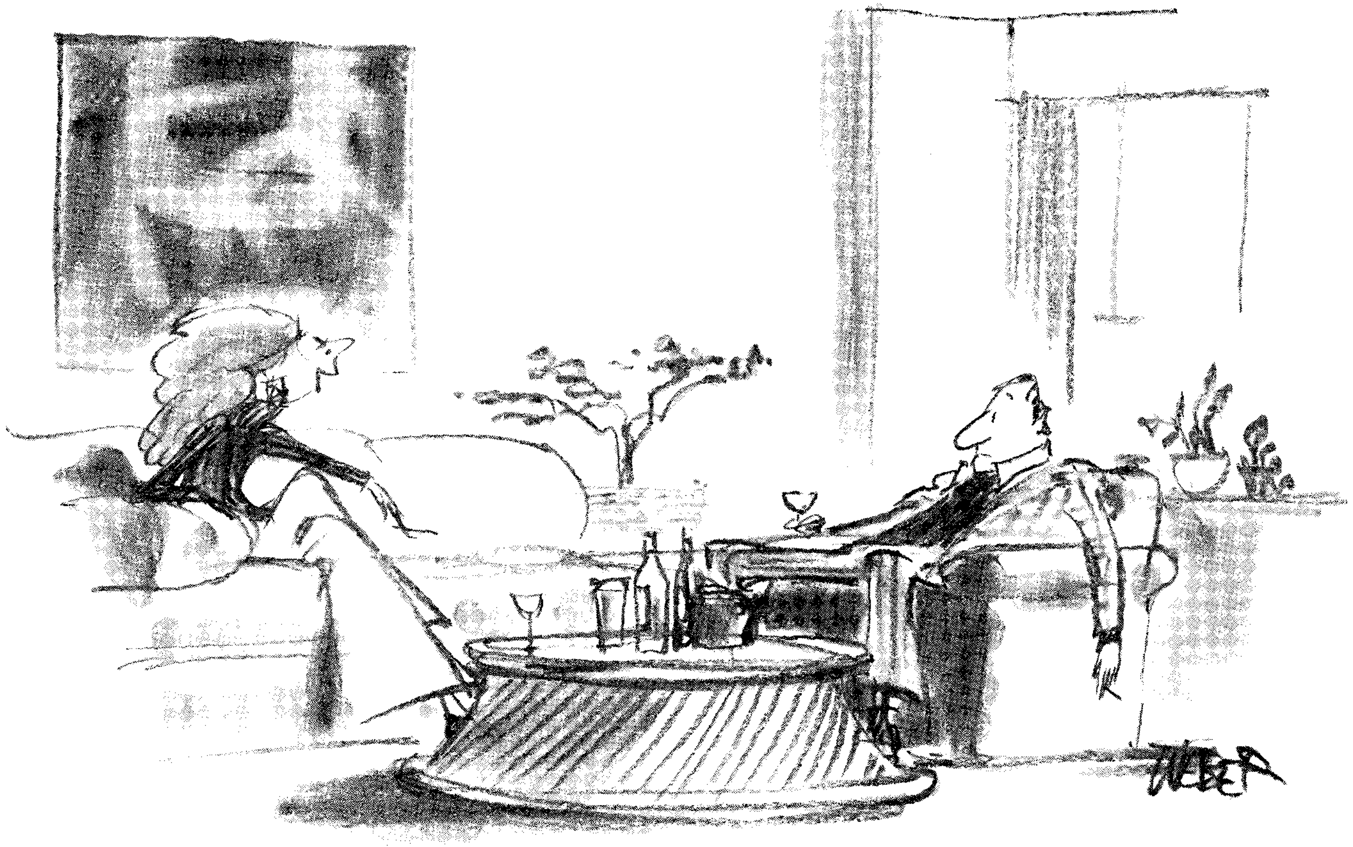

"Come on, Warren! Aren't you just a tiny bit excited about the New Austerity?"

• •

which proves you just don't need all those trappings. I also work in Vegas, and at Bill Harrah's places in Lake Tahoe and Reno, for six weeks a year. Vegas is great, with all the performers on one strip, like a kind of super-Fifty-second Street. They can afford anything, and they treat performers marvellously. But Bill Harrah is fabulous. I think he started out with bingo parlors in Reno thirty-five years ago, and now he owns these big places in Tahoe and Reno and has a huge collection of classic cars. He meets you at the airport with a Rolls-Royce and gives you the keys to the car and a beautiful home with a pool. At the end of the engagement, he throws a party for you in his own home. It's like some kind of fantastic vacation."

Bennett takes a forkful of shells and a sip of wine. "It's beautiful not to compromise in what you sing, and yet I've done business since I had my first record hit for Columbia, in 1951. I've always tried to do the cream of the popular repertoire and yet remain commercial. Hanging out with good songs is the secret. Songs like 'All the Things You Are' and 'East of the Sun' are just the opposite of singing down. And so are these lyrics, which Alec Wilder wrote and sent me a few days ago. He said if I liked them he'd set them to music. I think they're beautiful." Bennett pulled a sheet of onionskin letter paper out of his pocket. The lyrics read:

Give Me That Warm Feeling

Give me that warm feeling
That makes me believe again,
Give me that soft answer,
The kind you gave me way back when.
Give me some true kindness
That brightens the sky again.
Give me the best that's in you
And encouragement now and then.
Dust off those long-lost manners!
Bury ambition and guile!
Unfurl those lovely banners
Of virtue and laughter and style!
Give me that warm feeling,
Take off that impersonal glove.
Remember, remember, we're dealing
With that fair and that rare thing called
love!

"I love singing too much to cheat the public. And I can't ever lose that spirit by listening to the money boys, the Broadway wise guys who used to tell me, 'If you don't sing such-and-such, you'll end up with a classy reputation and no bread in the bank.' But if I lost that spirit, my feeling for music would run right out the window. It's this obsolescence thing in America, where cars are made to break down and songs written to last two weeks. But good songs last forever, and I've come to learn that there's a whole group out there in the audience who's studying that with me. There's a greatness in an audience when it gets perfectly still. It becomes a beautiful tribal contact, a delicate, poetic thing. A great song does that. It also works two ways: the performer makes the song work, and the song inspires the performer.

"All kinds of things go through my head when I'm singing. I think of Joanna a lot. I think of things from my past; I even *see* them. If I'm working in a beautiful place like Festival Hall, in London, I think of the great lighting, the great clusters of light, and they inspire me. If a song is truly believable, it becomes a self-hypnosis thing. And when that happens I automatically start thinking a line ahead, like when I serve at tennis and am already thinking of the next shot. My concentration becomes heavy, so that if I forget the words I can do what Harold Arlen told me: 'Just make up new words in the right spirit and don't let anybody know, and you'll be all right.'

"I've always liked the Billie Holiday tradition of allowing the musicians you're working with to take charge and to solo, and my arrangements are always written that way. Jazz musicians create great warmth and feeling. When they play well, they make *you* sing, too. I've worked with Bobby Hackett and Woody Herman and Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton and Count Basie. And I've worked with Harry Edison and Jimmy Rowles and Tommy Flanagan and Zoot Sims and John Bunch and Billy Exiner. You can't beat the perfection of Basie. He even talks the way he plays: one or two words take care of conversation for the month. Like when he saw the distance he'd have to go to reach his piano on this tiny, miserable stage we were working on somewhere out West. 'Man, that's a long walk,' he said."

Bennett laughs, and tells the waiter, a diminutive carry-over from the old Amalfi, that he doesn't have time for espresso but that he will see him soon. He waves to Rizzuto.

KITING IN THE PARK

It is ten-thirty the next morning, and one of those dancing blue New York days: the shadows have knife-edges, and the sidewalks are full of diamonds. Bennett is standing with Joanna at the curb in front of his apartment house. She is holding on to his right index finger, and she barely tops his knees. They are headed for the East Meadow, in Central Park, where a sequence of a quasi-documentary about Bennett's New York life is to be filmed. One sequence has already been done in his apartment, and another will be filmed tomorrow night at a concert he is giving in Alice Tully Hall. Joanna is in a blue knitted jumper with a matching top, and Bennett has on a gleaming white safari suit and a dark-olive shirt open at the neck.

"Daddy, let's go see if the flowers we planted are still growing," Joanna pipes.

Bennett hunkers beside some shrubs next to the building's door and rubs the dirt with his hand. There is nothing there.

"Whynot? Whynot? Whynot?" Joanna chants.

Bennett looks sheepish. "I guess we forgot to water it, or something. But we'll try again."

A black limousine the length of the one Jelly Roll Morton said he had to take to Central Park to turn around pulls up at the curb, and Bennett and Joanna get in. Bennett rents the car when he is in town. It has a red shag carpet, and the jump seats are separated by a cabinet containing a bar, a radio, and a tiny television set. Bennett tells his driver, a squat, cheerful man named Caesar, to stop at a shop specializing in kites, at Second Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street. Two cameramen and a grip follow the limousine in a cab. Joanna diddles with the television, switching from channel to channel, and Bennett tells her to slow down or she won't be able to see anything at all. She pays no attention. At the shop, Bennett and one of the cameramen choose a couple of big, semitransparent German kites that look like birds. Bennett is all thumbs, but he manages to get one of the kites assembled by the time the limousine pulls up at Fifth Avenue and Ninety-eighth Street. The East Meadow stretches from Ninety-seventh to 101st Street and is vaguely bowl-shaped. Joanna sails in the south gate ahead of Bennett and, sensing the expanse in front of her, takes off up the Meadow, her legs going like a sandpiper's. Bennett, laughing and shouting, catches her at 100th Street. The cameramen station themselves on a low rise on one side of the Meadow. A time follows that recalls the mad footage in "A Hard Day's Night" in which the Beatles race wildly and aimlessly back and forth across an immense field. There is almost no wind, but Bennett gets the kite twelve feet into the air, and he and Joanna run up the Meadow. The kite crashes. Joanna picks it up and runs south, Bennett galloping after her. They go up the Meadow, down the Meadow, across the Meadow. Joanna maintains her speed, but Bennett begins to puff. The cameramen declare that they have enough film, and Bennett laughs and wipes his brow. He picks up his jacket from the grass and flings it and the kite across one shoulder. Joanna latches on to his index finger and tows him back to the car.

BYE, NOW! HOPE YOU HAD A SWELL TIME!
W Miller

A LIGHT LUNCH

Before he showers and changes his clothes at the apartment, Bennett asks Edith to fix a light lunch. Joanna is fed in the kitchen and packed off for a nap. Bennett is due at three o'clock at a studio on Christopher Street, where he will rehearse with the Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet. The quartet is to accompany him at Alice Tully Hall. Edith sets the table in the studio and brings in a chicken salad and a large glass of boysenberry juice. "Man, ten-

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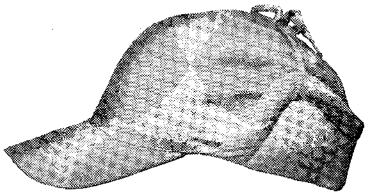

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nis has nothing on that kiteflying," Bennett says. "But all that running around will make me sing better this afternoon. Maybe if I'd known about it a long time ago, it would have gotten my career going a lot faster. The way it was, I didn't become any sort of authoritative singer until I was twenty-seven. For seven years before that, I scuffled. After the war, I used the G.I. Bill to study at the American Theatre Wing, where I worked on bel canto with Peter D'Andrea. And I studied voice with Miriam Speir. It was at her place I first met Alec Wilder. I never passed any auditions, and I worked as an elevator man at the Park Sheraton, in an uncle's grocery store, as a runner for the A.P., and as a singing waiter out in Astoria, where I was born. I was born in August of 1926, as Anthony Dominick Benedetto. I'm using Benedetto again to sign my paintings. We lived in a little two-story house in Astoria which is still there. My father came over from Italy in 1922, but I don't know much about him, because he died when I was nine. He had a grocery store on Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, where the C.B.S. Building is now. I remember he was a beautiful man, who was much loved by his family and friends. He had an open, warm voice, full of love and melody, and he sang beautifully. He'd always get the family out on Sundays to sing and dance. My mother, whose maiden name was Surace, was born down on Mott and Hester Streets, and she lives out in River Edge, New Jersey. After my father died, she went to work in the garment district and put my brother and sister and me through school. She has spirit and that great gift of common sense. Judy Garland went crazy over her when she met her. I went to P.S. 7 and Junior High School 141, out in Astoria, and then I went to the High School of Industrial Arts, which used to be near the Waldorf-Astoria. It was way ahead of its time. I studied music and painting, and they'd work it so that you didn't have to be there every day, so long as you did your work. You could go over to the Park and sketch trees. I had a music teacher named Sonberg, and he'd bring a Victrola into class and play Art Tatum records. Imagine that! It was around then I decided to be a singer. Of course, I'd been singing all my life and in the shadow of show business. I had an uncle in Astoria who was a hoofer in vaudeville and worked for the Shuberts. He'd tell me about Harry Lauder and James Barton and how they were humble people who had their feet on the ground. He'd tell me about Bill Robinson and how he had to follow him once and it almost killed him. He'd tell me how the acts in those days honed their shows all the way across the country and back, so that when they finally got to the Palace in New York they were sharp and ready. I had my first professional job when I was thirteen, at one of those Saturday-night get-togethers at a Democratic club in Astoria, and later I sang at little clubs by myself when they'd let me." (Harry Celentano, a bellman at the Algonquin, who went to school with Bennett, remembers those days: "He used to sing 'God Bless America' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in assemblies, and when he was a little older he'd go into places out there like the Horseshoe Bar and the Queen of Hearts—this quiet, shy little kid—and get up and sing all by himself. Some of us would go with him, and he'd stand there and sing 'Cottage for Sale' like a soft Billy Eckstine. We didn't take him seriously, and we'd shout and throw peanuts at him, but he never batted an eye. But he was also into art then. He would play hooky and draw these huge, beautiful murals right on the street, with chalk. Mothers and children would stop and watch, and they were amazed. Then we'd come along and play football over the mural, and that was that.")

Edith asks Bennett if he'd like more chicken salad, and he shakes his head. "My first scrape with any kind of professionalism came at the Shangri-La, in Astoria, where the trombonist Tyree Glenn had a group. He heard me singing along with the band and asked me to come up and do a song. I think it was Duke's 'Solitude.' I'll never forget that kindness. I went into the service late in the war and ended up in the infantry, doing mopping-up operations in France and Germany. My scuffling years began to end in 1949, when I auditioned for a revue Pearl Bailey was in at the old Greenwich Village Inn. It had people like Maurice Rocco, who used to play the piano standing up. I became a production singer in the show, which meant I was a combination m.c. and singer. Pearl told me, 'It'll take you five years before you can handle yourself on a stage, but at least I can get you started.' Bob Hope heard me in the show and asked me to come up and sing at the Paramount Theatre with him. It was his closing night, and before I went on he told me that my stage name, Joe Bari, wasn't any good, and he asked what my real name was. I told him, and he thought a moment and said, 'We'll

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides Orphanages and Family Helper Projects, CCF is affiliated with homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of all faiths, welfare agencies and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one Orphanage in China. Today, over 180,000 children are being assisted in 60 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many children have no parents, some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

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call you Tony Bennett,' and went out on the stage and introduced me. Then he took me on a ten-day tour with him, and everybody—Les Brown and Marilyn Maxwell were in the troupe, too—showed me how to get on and off the stage without falling down, and things like that. Maybe a year later, Mitch Miller auditioned me at Columbia. I sang 'Boulevard of Broken Dreams,' and it became a semi-hit. This gave me the strength to go out on the road and work clubs in places like Philadelphia and Boston and Cleveland and Buffalo. So I'd started this crazy adventure that has lasted twenty years. Then I had hits like 'Because of You' and 'Just in Time,' and I became international in 1962, when I recorded 'I Left My Heart in San Francisco.' "

Edith comes in from the kitchen and says, "The doorman called, Mr. Bennett. The car's downstairs."

THE CONCERT

The concert at Alice Tully the next evening is billed as "An Evening with Rodgers and Hart," and it is a smooth and engaging success. The hall is sold out, and the audience is hip. Bennett sings the verses of most of the songs, and by the time he gets a note or two into the chorus there is the applause of recognition. He is in a dinner jacket, and his stage manner is startlingly old-fashioned: he uses a hand mike, and he whips the cord around as though it were a lariat; he half dances, half falls across the stage during rhythm numbers; he salutes the audience and points at it. He is clumsy and at the same time delightful. He sings twenty-one Rodgers-and-Hart tunes, and many are memorable. He sings a soft, husky "Blue Moon," and then comes a marvellous, muted Ruby Braff solo. "There's a Small Hotel" is even softer, and Braff and George Barnes react with pianissimo statements. The group, indeed, is impeccable. The solos are beautiful, and the dynamics all anticipate Bennett's. During Braff's solo in "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," Bennett sits on a stool to the musicians' right, and near the end of "I Wish I Were in Love Again" he forgets his lyrics and soars over the wreckage with some good mumbo-jumbo and a fine crescendo. "Lover" is ingenious. Bennett sings it softly, at a medium tempo (it is usually done at top speed), then briefly takes the tempo up, and goes out sotto voce. He does "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" as an encore. The ovation is long and standing.

After a small backstage party, Ben-

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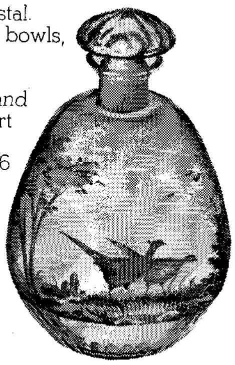

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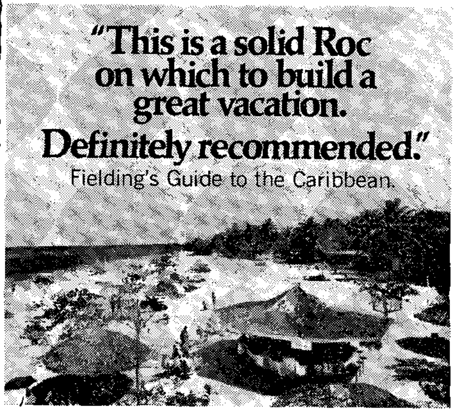

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nett gets into his limousine and is driven home. He settles deep into a corner of the car. "This is what I used to dream of—a concert in a big hall like Alice Tully. But it hasn't all been smoothness since I started doing business. When I had my first record hits, in the early fifties, I suddenly found myself with an entourage, most of them takers. And I didn't like it. Maurice Chevalier was doing a one-man show here around then, and all he had was a piano and a hat, and that made me realize I was off on the wrong foot. Then I've been through a divorce and done a little time on the psychiatrist's couch. But I don't think I need that. Most of the people who go to psychiatrists, their hearts and minds have never caught on to any one desire. I never had that problem. But I had a different one when Frank Sinatra came out in *Life* and said I was the greatest singer around. Sophie Tucker once told me, 'Make sure that helium doesn't hit your brain,' but it did, and for several years, to match up to his praise, I overblew, I oversang. But I've found my groove now. I'm solidifying everything, and working toward my own company. You learn how to hang on to money after a while. I like to live well, but I'm not interested in yachts and fancy cars. There are things I'm searching for, but they won't take a day. I'd like to attain a good, keen intellect. Alec Wilder set one of William Blake's poems to music for me, and I was reading Blake last night. Imagine being that talented and feeling so much at the same time! I'd like to make more movies. I played a press agent in 'The Oscar,' and I loved the whole make-believe about it. I'd like my own regular TV show, which would be devoted to good *music*. None of that stuff with the musicians off camera and the shots full of dancers. I like the funny things in this life that could only happen to me now. Once, when I was singing Kurt Weill's 'Lost in the Stars' in the Hollywood Bowl with Basie's band and Buddy Rich on drums, a shooting star went falling through the sky right over my head, and everyone was talking about it, and the next morning the phone rang and it was Ray Charles, who I'd never met, calling from New York. He said 'Hey, Tony, how'd you do that, man?' and hung up."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The Mayor-elect is tall and gray-haired, with a tin moustache and a polished demeanor.—*The Times*.

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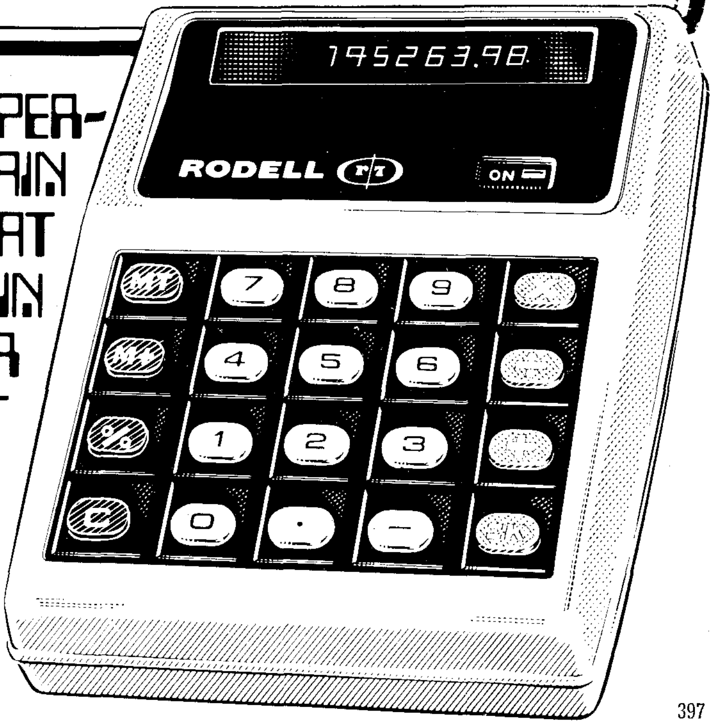
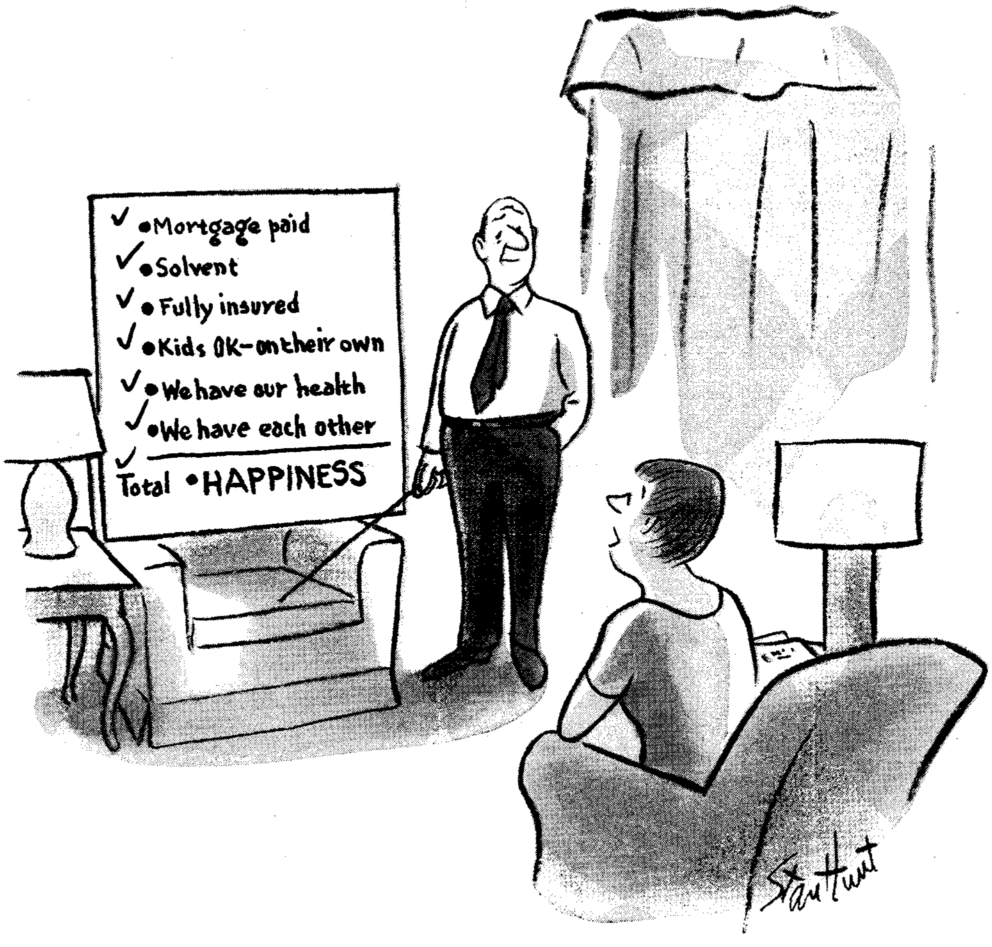


THE THEATRE

A TEA DANCE ON THE TITANIC

THE Shakespeare Festival Lincoln Center production of Hugh Leonard's "The Au Pair Man," newly opened at the Vivian Beaumont, is an irresistible comedy, and I see no reason to go beating about the bush with wary qualifications of "still and all" and "more's the pity that." The cast, heroic in the degree of its talent, skill, energy, and variety of attack, consists of but two people—Julie Harris, as the shrewdest woman alive, and Charles Durning, as the most hapless man. These two are drawn to each other as inevitably as Tristan and Isolde, he by a self-loathing that must find some woman capable of exposing and deriding it, she by the need for a man's total subjection to her sexual and other appetites. Not least among her appetites, all of them ruthless, delicate, and never to be altogether satisfied, is the craving to play Pygmalion. For this incomparable bitch is also an artist: out of the humblest flesh and blood she seeks to create slaves of a surpassing obsequious utility. The token of her dominion over them is the surrender of their fountain pens—Mr. Leonard reaches for the nearest symbol with the disingenuous carelessness of the master—of which her treasure chest proves, on being broken into, to contain a remarkable number. She is a devil, but a devil with a difference, for she is always witty as well as cruel; she talks with the feverish eloquence of a Wilde and thinks like a Metternich. "The Au Pair Man" is a well-nigh perfect vehicle for Miss Harris and Mr. Durning, and, happy as I am for them at this moment, I dread to think of their making their way through the early decades of the twenty-first century in a play that they will no longer clearly remember having starred in here for the first time in the waning days of 1973.



"Would you run through that once again, please, Walter?"

Mr. Leonard is a Dubliner, forty-seven years of age and with a considerable body—a sleeping giant—of dramatic writing already behind him. He has learned his trade well. His comedy is not so black as that of Joe Orton, though it has much the same welcome freshness and unexpectedness of language; when he speaks of "a tea dance on the Titanic," the phrase conveys not only the physical shakiness of the villainess's ancient house (floors give way, ceilings collapse) but also the antic doom of her appointed victims. Mr. Leonard has been much aided in this production not only by Miss Harris and Mr. Durning but by a consummately cluttered set, designed by John Conklin. It is a happy nightmare of sofas, tabourets, desks, stools, poufs, clocks, lamps, and rugs, salvaged from who knows how many dusty thrift shops and back alleys of Victoriana; I would willingly move into it tomorrow. The ravishing costumes worn in "The Au Pair Man" are by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the exceptionally able direction is by Gerald Freedman.

WHEN Philip Barry's "Holiday" opened here, in November, 1928, it was favorably reviewed in this magazine by Charles Brackett, who called attention to the playwright's singular gift for writing dialogue that mingled witty nonsense and wisdom. He also spoke with admiration of the performances by Hope Williams (her understudy was a young actress named Katharine Hepburn) and Barry's close friend and fellow-writer Donald Ogden Stewart, who was making his début as an actor; Miss Williams played Linda Seton, the valiant, discontented daughter of a family of great wealth, and Mr. Stewart played Nick Potter, a clever and amiable idler, perhaps infinitesimally based upon still another friend of Barry's, Gerald Murphy. Last week, the New Phoenix Repertory Company brought a revival of "Holiday" to the Ethel Barrymore, and it was pleasant to see that Miss Williams was among those in the audience on opening night. Also present were Mrs. Barry, widow of the playwright; Alfred de Liagre; Mrs. John L. Loeb; Benjamin Sonnenberg; and a number of other people who had attended performances of the original production. They may have marvelled at the somewhat archeological approach to the play manifested by Donald Brooks, who did the costumes, and by Michael Montel, the director, who kept his cast busy striking period poses; the

Addison Mizner came to Florida to die. Instead, he went out and built the Boca Raton Hotel & Club.

Addison Mizner, plagued with illness, moved to Florida to spend his last days. But instead of dying, he got his second wind and changed the face of Southeast Florida.

Addison Mizner. Wit, dilettante, do-it-yourself architect, gadfly, genius, nice guy, social snob, nut. He once designed a Palm Beach palace and forgot to put in the stairs. He sketched mansions in the sand with a stick. He created Old World castles but he couldn't design a bathroom. He was chased by sheriffs, poo-pooed by Frank Lloyd Wright, battered in prize fights, baked in Tahiti, frozen in Alaska and financed by Paris Singer (far right), heir to the sewing machine millions.

But whatever he was or wasn't, Addison Mizner influenced the native architecture of Palm Beach and Boca Raton more than any other person. It was Mizner who, in the vo-dee-oh-doh days of the mid-20's, created and built the Cloister, which is now the Boca Raton Hotel & Club. An elegant patchwork of Mediterranean, Gothic, Renaissance, Romanesque, Old Spain and Mizner magic, the Boca is ranked by many authorities as one of the most beautiful (albeit, charmingly bizarre) buildings in the entire world. (Complete with John L. Sullivan's signature in the historic opening night guest register.)

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New York of 1928 is not yet one with Nineveh and Tyre.

"Holiday" struck me as well worth reviving, and I'm sorry to say that the present production does more to obscure its good points than to emphasize them. Above all, Barry must be played stylishly; for his lines to be spoken by young folk who lack urbanity and sensuality—that sensuality of healthy, well-fed male and female creatures which provides the tension behind the bantering give-and-take of a Barry dialogue—is fatal not only to his tone but to his deepest intentions. Born an Irish-Catholic puritan, Barry always bore it in mind that we are members of the animal kingdom, and that custom and ceremony—even the most ordinary-seeming good manners—serve as the means of keeping that kingdom peaceable. He found the rich and wellborn interesting in part because they are the natural preservers of custom and ceremony. Barry was one of the few twentieth-century American writers who, not content with merely seeing through the rich, saw into them as well. Like those other Irish-Catholic outsiders, Fitzgerald and O'Hara, he liked living among the rich and observing them unobserved. "Holiday" is filled with the fruits of his study, and from time to time contains glimpses of Barry's own carefully guarded passionate nature; I think, for example, of Linda's reiterated question to her adversary father, "Was Mother a sweet soul, Father? Was she exciting?," to which the father can think of no better reply than an icy "Your mother was a very beautiful and distinguished woman." But many of these telling moments are lost, because the cast is unable to rise to them.

Linda Seton is played by Charlotte Moore, Johnny Case by John Glover, Julia Seton by Robin Pearson Rose, and Edward Seton by George Ede. Thomas A. Stewart is effective as Ned Seton, and so is David Dukes as Nick Potter. Barry's stage directions call for a large drawing room of the Stanford White period, and Edward Burbridge has produced a handsome one.

Well, well! The rich *are* interesting, and not alone because, as Hemingway said, they have more money.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

The Los Angeles Rams have added veteran wide receiver Rod Sherman to their roster and put Joe Sweet, another wire receiver, on a pulled hamstring.

—*Washington Post.*

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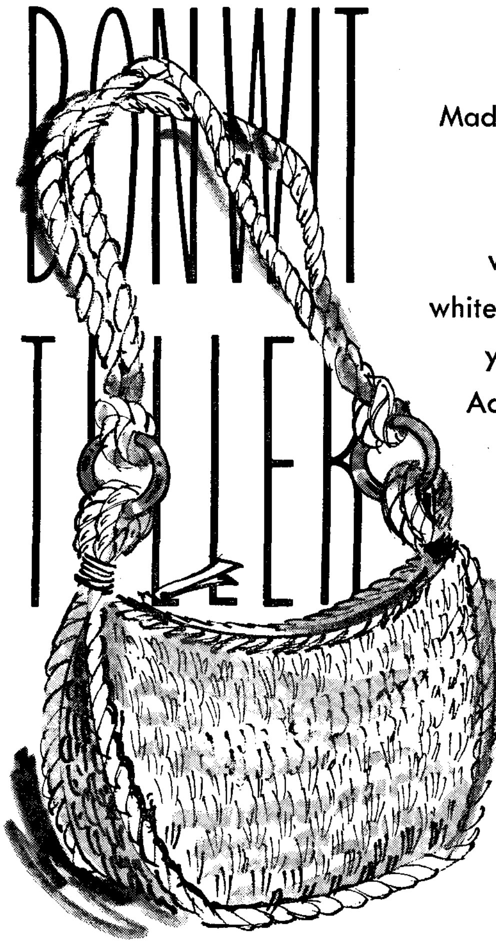

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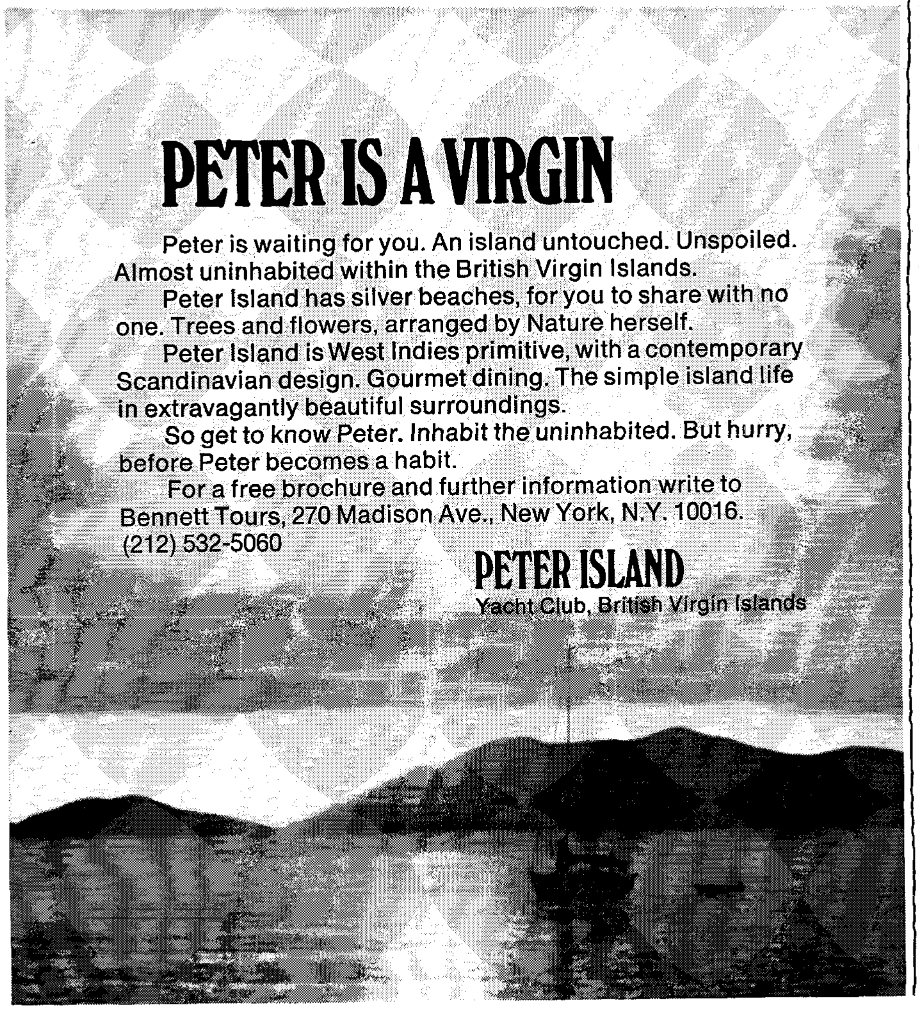

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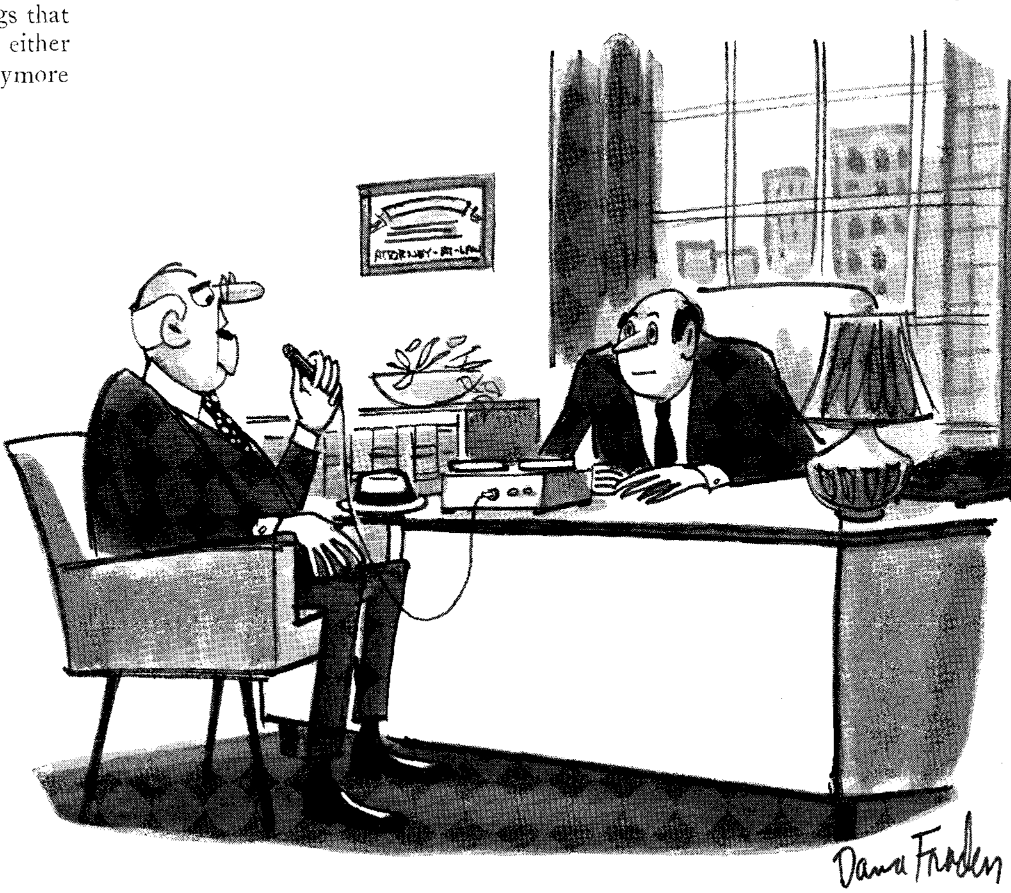
DANCING

Standing Still

WHEN a choreographer can't follow up on a great success, it may be because he is not sure what success is made of. The Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre has its one big hit in "Revelations." It is always taking on new works and revivals, yet, year in and year out, nothing tops "Revelations." Nothing that seems to have been intended to top it even gets halfway. And as "Revelations" looms in its increasingly solitary splendor, it becomes something that its admirers want to stay away from—a superhit that will win ovations and encores even when, as in this past season at the City Center, it isn't very well danced. At one time, "Revelations" was plausibly the signature work of the Ailey company, standing for what Ailey and his dancers could do best. Now it might almost be taken for a fluke. All the attempts to repeat its success have loaded the repertory with failures based on similar material. But the special power of "Revelations" doesn't come from its material, strong as that is; it comes from the structural tension and driving rhythm that Ailey built into the piece in the years when he was still working on the things that craftsmen care about. Ailey either doesn't realize or doesn't care anymore what makes "Revelations" so popular, and the work he now does is marked by an incredible inconsistency and slackness of design. However, Ailey is remarkably consistent in trying to capitalize on "Revelations" as if it were a *formula* success.

Among his failures one would have to list this season's two new productions—José Limón's "Missa Brevis" and John Butler's "Carmina Burana." Ailey has apparently decided that the audience wants more ballets on religious or folk themes, with singing as well as dancing, and for the past few years he has been filling the orchestra pit with choristers and dressing his dancers in surplices and cowls. Not long ago he did a chaotic Roman Catholic version of "Revelations" with the jazz composer Mary Lou Williams. "Mary Lou's Mass" was not performed this season; its place was presumably taken by "Missa Brevis." The music is the "Missa Brevis in Time of War" that Kodály wrote between 1942 and 1945; it isn't a Requiem, but the mood of the choreography is one of heavy mourning dotted with passages of heavy "affirmation." When I first saw the work performed, in 1958, by Limón's company, with Limón himself as the Pastor, I thought that he had in mind a homage to the heroes of the Hungarian revolution in 1956. (There may actually have been a program note to that effect, or perhaps someone made the connection in a review.) I don't know what occasion is served by Ailey's revival of this bereaved flock worshipping in its bombed-out church. "Missa Brevis" is the kind of work one demands an explanation for, because the choreography, besides being unremittingly grim, has little intrinsic interest. Limón, honest workman that he was, does not betray his theme by any variation in texture. Every move is programmatic; everything is made of lead—even the lifts, in which girls are stood upright in the air or slung like sacks between two men.

In 1958, I thought, too, that Limón was Mindszenty. Now I guess we're meant to think of John Parks as José Limón. Parks, long and thin, has a shaved, bony skull and a big wingspread. He was a praying mantis of a Pastor; usually he looks like a dancing lobster. For a man of his size, his impact is weak. His spine is rigid, so his torso has no expressive play, and when he moves he seems to get smaller. The audience enjoys Parks. His oddities, and Ailey's need for male dancers, make him a star, and he has a great many leading roles, including one in "Carmina Burana." When I saw it, the other male lead was taken by Hector Mercado, and the two of them gave performances that couldn't be described in professional terms as dancing. Mercado, stocky and musclebound, typifies a number of recent additions to the Ailey male corps. These men have difficulty stretching their bodies into the three-dimensional plastic configurations that distinguish a dancer's space from an athlete's, and if they can manage to stretch into their space they can't fill it with energy. Most of these helpless young men were on the stage in "Carmina Burana," partnering women who were not much better. (The two female leads, Mari Kajiwara and Tina Yuan, were pretty dears who didn't seem to know what they were doing.)



"And the bulk of my estate—my Venezuelan oil holdings, my Malayan rubber plantation, my supermarket chain, my steel mill, and my New York City real estate—I bequeath to the meek."

The choreography, like the music, is undergraduate flimflam, and it needs to be pushed along by the performers; I remembered it as meretricious rather than feeble. Can this be the "Carmina Burana" I saw done by the New York City Opera in 1959, with Carmen de Lavallade, Mary Hinkson, Scott Douglas, and Glen Tetley doing their damnedest to look delectable and roguish?

The Ailey dancers were so listless throughout this season that it was painful to hear them eulogized by intermission speakers calling upon the audience for financial support. Possibly the listlessness was due to the strain of trying to get too many ballets into too few rehearsal hours—the Ailey repertory is nothing if not extensive—and more money would buy the company more time. But many of the speakers didn't sell the company on the basis of its artistry; they sold its multiracial character, its native populism, its ecumenical repertory. They sold it, in short, as a cause for good liberal Americans. The Ailey audience is all-loving and all-forgiving and almost all-white. When the curtain went up on "Carmina Burana" (a kind of "Revelations" for humanists, with monks prowling the stage to Orff's "profane cantatas") I think the onlookers were pleased, and although they had to start stifling their yawns long before the piece ended, they cheered and applauded for minutes when it finally did end.

"Masekela Langage" ends to the same kind of enthusiastic applause, right after one of the characters, who has been beaten up offstage, dies and the others move down to the footlights and eye the audience accusingly. This whammying of the customers was a gigantic cliché five years ago, when the piece was new, but Ailey has kept it in, along with the jarring operatic convention of having the victim, bloody and broken, pirouette himself to death while the rest of the cast quickly makes up a chorus. The convention might work if up to then the action of "Masekela Langage" were not so consciously naturalistic. The bric-a-brac tavern set is unusually detailed even for Ailey, who loves atmospheric props, and the dancers lounging around in it, snapping at each other and playing South African jazz by Hugh Masekela on the jukebox, look as if they had specific characters to project. There is Sara Yarborough as a short-tempered teen-ager, Judith Jamison as a faraway Tennessee Williams-type lady, and Kelvin Rotardier as a debonair bum-about-town. "Masekela" might have ranked with "Blues Suite"

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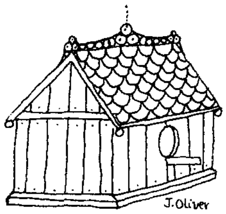
(which it resembles) as Ailey's best work next to "Revelations," but stylistic crudity and lack of coördination destroy it. Its big failure is that the dance monologues go on too long without developing characterizations. Rotardier is a mime of great elegance, in a class with Francisco Moncion and Derek Rencher. Ailey has given him lots of yardage here but no ball, and Rotardier can't keep "Masekela" from collapsing in the middle of his solo. Nor can Jamison pick up the pieces. Because of some extra poundage gained since last spring, Jamison did not dance effectively this season. There wasn't much for her to dance. Jamison has become a star because the audience thinks she should be one. None of the roles that have been fashioned for her really lets her deliver. In "Cry," the nearest thing she has to a vehicle, Ailey doesn't use her rich humor or her exuberant shimmy style until the last moment, and until that moment she is forced to do an unconscionable amount of barge-toting and bale-lifting. (Some of the blackface stereotypes Ailey deals in would be jeered at if they came from a white choreographer.) The best dancing of the season was done by the talented Sara Yarborough, and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder" was worth seeing for her. This is another of the folk-song ballets, and one of the better ones, although it can't be sat with very easily. The work songs of the chain gang were choreographed by Donald McKayle, and if you find the idea of chain-gang choreography repulsive you'd better not go. The prisoners come sidestepping on like a line of chorus boys. Within this gauzy frame there are a few sober vignettes about convicts and their dream woman, and one or two unforced moments of sweetness and pain, mostly contributed by Miss Yarborough.

The McKayle piece dates from 1959 and looks much older, as do portions of "Revelations," which was first presented in 1960. The idea of combining folk songs or Negro spirituals with American concert-dance choreography wasn't new; the combination had been used by generations of dance recitalists. If you've ever seen one of those "Songs of My People" recitals, with dancers doubling themselves up to "Go Down, Moses" or earnestly miming their way through "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," you know what the perils of the genre are. Black choreographers still embraced the expressionistic style at a time when white choreographers were abandoning it. Merce Cunningham and his descendants felt no need of that style, just as novelists of the fifties and sixties felt no need to write like Hemingway or Steinbeck. But the black choreographers did have a need for a "strong" statement of a "strong" theme, and they held on to the dance technique of the nineteen-thirties for the same reason many white choreographers were relinquishing it—because it was respectable. The dancing in the opening scenes of "Revelations" is neither fine art nor vernacular art, it's "cultured" folk art; and although I respond to the almost symbiotic attachment between this kind of movement and this kind of music, I can't escape feeling that the music is being subtly undermined, if not exactly cheapened. When I see that familiar pyramidal cluster, with the women planted straddle position and the many hands clasping and splaying to Heaven while the choir sings "I Been 'Buked and I Been Scorned," I don't believe it. Images made of Dynel sackcloth don't fit the simple majesty of the song. The wide plié and the upward-straining gestures are, however, basic to a kind of tacky sincerity that is the only strength of cultured folk art. Genuine folk art shocks; cultured folk art appeals. There's a very appealing duet to "Fix Me, Jesus"—the best Ailey has ever made. The central image is of a woman braced and struggling to rise tall on a man's outspread thighs (plié stance plus yearning arabesque). In a good performance, it is clear that he is a preacher and she the soul he's trying to save, but *save* isn't the same as *fix*. Ailey has no imagery for such amazing diction; his technique has to say "save." In the performance I saw this season, Dana Sapiro's high ballet extensions conveyed Ailey's point forcefully and she deserved every bit of her applause, but I feel it is worth pointing out that a great song like "Fix Me, Jesus" suffers a loss of power in proportion to its success as a dance number; it loses the humility of its sentiment as well as the precision of its utterance.



"I Want to Be Ready" is Dudley Williams in a series of perfectly pitched and controlled body lifts from the floor. He draws himself up and sinks back, never coming fully erect, never finding rest, and he finishes in a blazing star-

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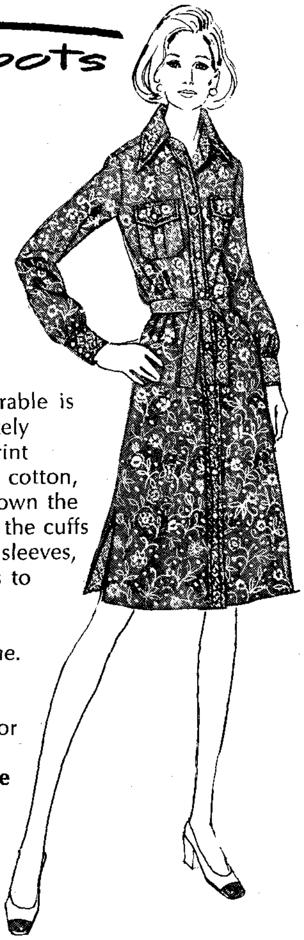

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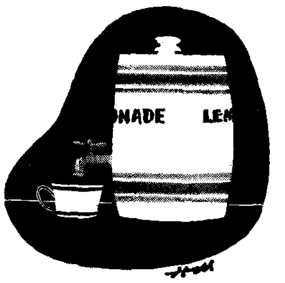
pointed pose on one knee. This is dance metaphor on the level of "Fix Me, Jesus," but this time I find nothing wrong in it. It tells the story the song tells, and adds to it, because Williams' technique transfigures him and becomes, seemingly, the result of the religious idealism of the song—he *is* ready. There is a patness in the number I don't care for, but I can't pick it apart. The only trouble with "I Want to Be Ready" is that by the time it comes on I have seen something better than what this studio-fashioned technique can produce, even at its best, and that's the dancing in the baptism sequence, "Wading in the Water." The staging is a little *faux-naïf*—blue and white veils stretched low across the floor and shaken, white streamers, white netting, white gowns, and one big umbrella draped in white—but it hardly matters when Jamison is stepping through those waves and undulating her torso, and Rotardier and Yarborough are doing their forward-and-backward slow pelvic walk (and their one lovely burst as the walk changes to a skip). There aren't many times when one sits before the Ailey dancers and wonders, How do they do it? This is one of those times. The movement looks inimitable and untaught, like the perky little strut downstage and up that is done in the last two numbers—"You May Run Home" and "Rocka My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham."

That casual, loose style hasn't been cultivated since the decline of tap-dancing, and I know of no black choreographer who is cultivating it now. Ailey hasn't in years choreographed a gesture that looks colloquial or hip. His pantomime, which once seemed a fascinating private language used by his dancers, has become decorative chatter, done for us, not for them. Compare the stylized fight scene in "Masekela Langage" with any of several rough incidents in "Blues Suite." In the former, the dancers appear to be always looking over their shoulders, to see if we're watching them. In the latter, they don't give a damn. There seem to be fewer jokes, too, with less point to them. Nothing matches the moment in "Revelations" when Ailey reverses the effects of the polished, conscientiously strained, effortlessly effortful style of movement by having the women turn their backs to us, go into their straddle stance, and slowly, slowly, fanning themselves the while, sit down on stools. That slow, heavy squat is good and rude, but Ailey seems to have lost interest in how people really move. There is no black colloquial dance in the theatre today. Most black choreographers are content to work in the received idioms of thirties-style expressionistic concert dance. Their forerunners aren't Bill Robinson or Buddy Bradley or Josephine Baker, or even Katherine Dunham, but Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman and, in Alvin Ailey's case, Lester Horton. One large reason for Ailey's success is that he has known how to profit from the gradual absorption of this generation's methods by Broadway. He is much more credible as the descendant of those choreographers who took over Broadway musicals in the forties than he is as a promulgator of the Horton technique. Expressionistic concert dance became respectable in Broadway musicals, as respectable as ballet. When choreographers began directing shows, the dance technique and the musical became more or less fused, and Ailey found that he was able to make his thirties-style religious dance suite as entertaining as a musical comedy. I never saw the original "Revelations" of 1960, but the printed program for it suggests that, in content, it did not greatly differ from the version we know today, except for the final section, which then included "Precious Lord," "Waters of Babylon," and "Elijah Rock." By 1962, these had been discarded in favor of the present selections—"The Day Is Past and Gone" and "Rocka My Soul." "You May Run Home" was inserted later, but "Sinner Man," originally a solo, had become a trio by 1962. It's in these numbers, plus "Wading in the Water," that Ailey's choreography breaks out of the church-basement dance-recital mold and attains the precision and showmanship that make "Revelations" a hit. When, to "The Day Is Past and Gone," the girls start coming on with their stools and floppy hats and palm-leaf fans, each girl wearing a long yellow gown that suggests the street dresses of the thirties, the heavy tent skirts and technique-laden dance movement of the opening numbers seem far away.



But all the scene-setting and music-shuffling wouldn't have meant much without the tight organization. The original "Revelations" was forty-five minutes long. Now there isn't a wasted

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moment in the entire piece. The outline it has is that of a beautiful onrolling wave, rising to little crests of excitement and breaking just in time, or unfurling long climaxes that smash with an accumulated intensity. The "Rocka My Soul" finale used to leave audiences dizzy with happiness; now it—and sometimes the whole ballet—makes them dizzy with anticipation. Ailey keeps adding dancers to his finale, and the piece has become too much like a Broadway show, with too many dancers onstage punching their spirits too high. I think the audience lavishes its emotion on "Revelations" because it hasn't got anyplace else to put it. Ailey is a pop choreographer who no longer seems to train himself to the efficiency standards of popular art. He has made a few other pieces that look like Broadway shows, but they don't have the controlled energy of good entertainment, and his non-pop pieces are hopeless—all those overlong, attenuated lyrical ballets that seem to be taking place underwater. The boringly even rhythm and lack of tension are weakening the dancers, and Ailey doesn't have many good dancers to begin with. (He doesn't have one male dancer who can turn well in "Sinner Man.") The Ailey company is pressing its luck. It's loading up on religious and secular song suites, feeding its audience with a particular kind of material when all that matters is how that material—or *any* material—is assembled. With musicals slipping badly in recent years, the Ailey has been drawing a lot of people who think of it as a higher substitute for Broadway. They find what they are looking for in only one piece. It doesn't take them long to discover that "Revelations" is the higher substitute for the Ailey. —ARLENE CROCE

•

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. (UPI)—The prosecution requested a 20-year prison term for Bob Cruz Jr., who pleaded guilty to a charge of killing another man in a barroom fights. The defense suggested 15 years.

"I am not Solomon," said District Judge Archie Brown, "but I can divide."

Cruz got 12½ years.—*Greensboro (N.C.) News.*

He can subtract, too.

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[*From the London Observer*]

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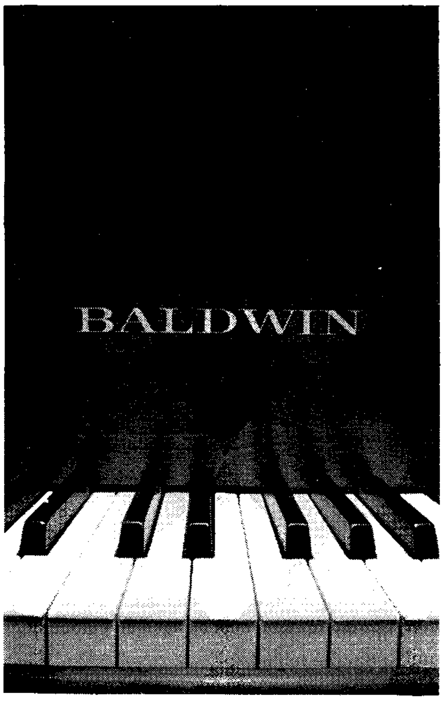

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JACKPOT

IMAGINE how O. Rundle Gilbert must have felt when, in 1941, he managed to buy just about all of the existing models inventors had submitted to the United States Patent Office in the nineteenth century for twenty-five hundred dollars. Jackpot! Even if there were only fifty thousand models in the crates Gilbert bought—and Gilbert, who has still not opened nearly all of them, has sometimes estimated that there were at least twice that many—the price amounted to a nickel a model. For five cents, Gilbert had bought, for example, a six-inch-high brass-and-wood working model of a printing press that had been submitted to the Patent Office in 1859 and came equipped with a tag that—in properly ornate nineteenth-century script—said so officially. There was O. Rundle Gilbert—who, as an auctioneer based in Putnam County, New York, had made his living since 1928 trying to buy cheap and sell dear—with a corner on the antique patent-model market at a nickel a unit. Then imagine how O. Rundle Gilbert must have felt when he started losing money on the models right away. And imagine how he must have felt when he continued to lose money on them year after year for a quarter of a century.

Not that Gilbert was ever under the impression that he had a sure thing—a certain note of warning having been sounded by the fact that his purchase was made at the bankruptcy sale of the syndicate that had previously had a corner on the antique patent-model market. At the bankruptcy sale—held in the Federal Courthouse on Foley Square, in Manhattan—there was nothing encouraging about the competition. As Gilbert remembers it, the only other person who thought the patent models were worth bidding on was a scrap dealer. Gilbert found that the purchaser of the models would have to pay a large storage bill that was outstanding on them, and that several thousand dollars would be required to move them to some barns on his property in Garrison, fifty miles or so up the Hudson. By the time the bill-settling and transporting were over, Gilbert figures, his investment was more like twenty-five thousand dollars than twenty-five hundred dollars. But that still amounted to, say, fifty cents a model for unique, certifiably authentic, historically significant antiques—some of which were even pleasant to look at. That still had the sound of a jackpot. Having bought cheap, Gilbert merely had to find people to whom he could sell dear, and that was O. Rundle Gilbert's business.

Naturally, he tried an auction. "It was at the Architectural League of New York, in 1943," he said recently. "Five thousand people came to look at the models. When it came time to bid, six people bid on them. There seemed to be a lot of interest to look but little interest to possess. We sold three hundred and forty-two dollars' worth of models. The whole thing cost me eight thousand dollars, and it was that way from then on." Although the auction may have indicated that the public was more interested in looking at the models than in buying them, there was no indication of how the public might be induced to look at them in a way that brought some return to O. Rundle Gilbert. The most logical museum customer for patent models, the Smithsonian Institution, already had a supply of them; the Smithsonian had picked out a few thousand models when the government decided to dispose of the collection in the twenties, long after the Patent Office had stopped requiring the submission of a model with a patent application. Gilbert did sell three hundred models to a farmers' museum, at prices he calculated to be from a dollar to three dollars a model. Just after the war, somebody used a couple of dozen models in a travelling exhibit that, as Gilbert remembers it, may have also included one of Adolf Hitler's automobiles. An arrangement to exhibit the models at a seashell-processing plant in Florida didn't work out, and Gilbert could not seem to put together a system for profitably renting them out for exhibits sponsored by banks or industrial corporations. Finally, he started exhibiting them in a museum of his own—first in Sandwich, New Hampshire, and then in two other New Hampshire towns. Wherever the museum was moved, it lost money. Gilbert began to think of the jackpot as an albatross. He sometimes talks of how the collection's previous owners, all of them men with big plans, died before they could do anything or went bankrupt trying to exhibit the models—almost as if the collection carried a curse placed on it by some wily Yankee tinkerer who wanted nobody to turn a dollar without having to pay royalties.

The problem, a management consultant might have said, was that Gilbert, as an auctioneer, was accustomed to selling to the public at large rather than isolating the market for a specific product. Wouldn't the obvious strategy be to approach the corporations that had actually used the inventions the models represented? Wouldn't a sewing-machine company want a lobby exhibit of early sewing-machine improvements—or at least a couple of shiny bobbin models for the boardroom? "First, you had to find the model," Gilbert says—which meant

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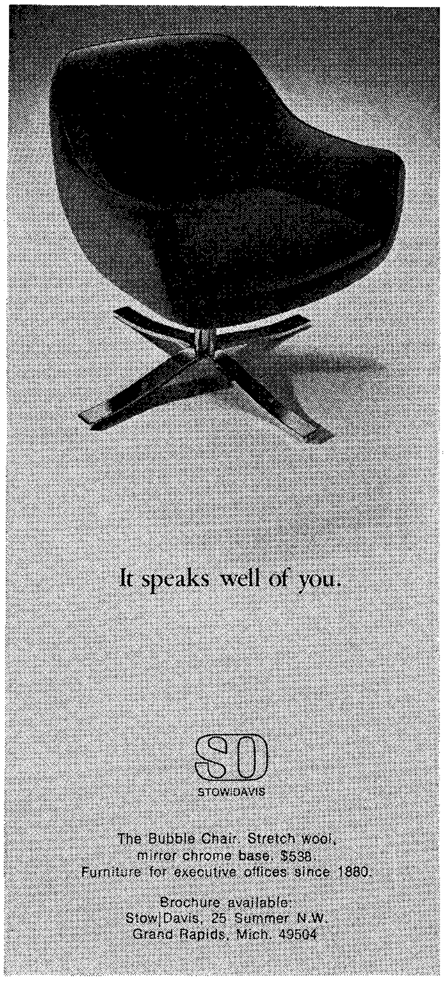
cataloguing, since no inventory accompanied the crates Gilbert had purchased. He says he once did have fifteen thousand models catalogued, including seventy sewing-machine models that a vice-president of the Singer company had promised to have a look at. But three days before the sewing baron was supposed to show up, the building in which the cataloguing had been taking place burned down, and all fifteen thousand models were lost. Even without an act of God interfering with his selling appointments, Gilbert found it more difficult than he had expected to match a model to an executive. Once, he came across the model of the original patent obtained by a large manufacturer of carpet sweepers and, having shined up the model nicely, took it to the company's president. "He said it was a very lovely thing and he'd be happy to give us a dollar for it," Gilbert said recently. "That sort of discouraged me."

Promoters arrived in Garrison from time to time to suggest schemes. "I tried all kinds of things, and every one of them lost money," Gilbert says. Now and then, Gilbert would sell a few models to a small museum, and at one point he sent a model to Dave Garroway every week to be shown on Garroway's television show. But the big deal eluded him. At one point, Gilbert decided to try to sell his jackpot back to the government. He and Mrs. Gilbert, who has always been a partner in her husband's business operations, went to the Smithsonian to negotiate a price. Judging by the tone with which they recall the visit, they were equally outraged by the Smithsonian's historical shortsightedness in failing to display the models it already had and by its economic shortsightedness in offering no more than a nominal price per crate for the models the Gilberts were offering. After some years, the collection became more or less dormant, sitting undisturbed in the crates stored in Gilbert's barns. He had some sons to put through college and he was short of capital. He had found that any sensible-sounding project involving the models was a fast way to lose five or six thousand dollars. "For a while," he says, "I couldn't afford even to look at them."

SUDDENLY, in the sixties, Gilbert's investment began to look very good—which, of course, happened to a lot of people's investments in the sixties. Two businessmen agreed to buy the entire collection. The arrangement, Gilbert says, called for the businessmen to pay him one hundred thousand dollars over a three-year period,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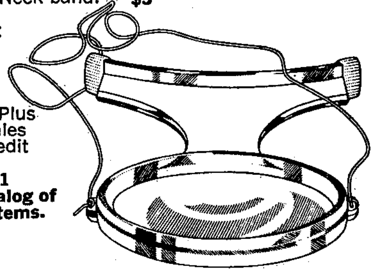
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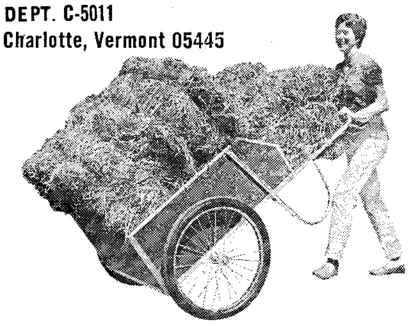
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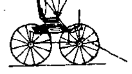
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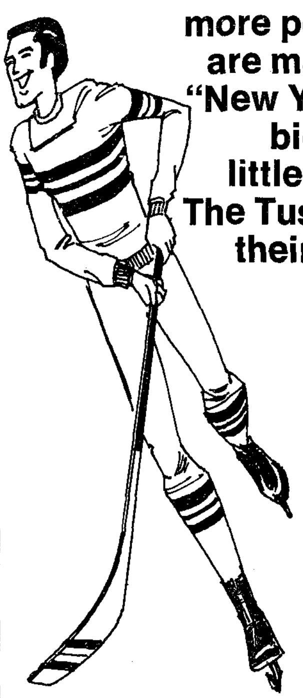
for which they would receive one thousand models and an option to buy the remainder of the collection for an additional seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "They had a fellow trying to promote them in schools and historical societies," Gilbert says, "but that didn't work out. In the end, they gave the ones they had to the University of Texas." Even though the option was not exercised, Gilbert says, he did receive one hundred thousand dollars—which, the way he figured it, left him only a couple of hundred thousand dollars behind.

◆

In 1971, one of Gilbert's sons, Robert Wellington Gilbert, who had just got married, was looking for something to do, and was declared exclusive agent for the Mr. and Mrs. O. Rundle Gilbert Collection of U.S. Patent Models. "I told him to approach this from a ten-year point of view," the elder Gilbert says—thirty years of experience having cautioned against encouraging any illusion of quick return. Bob Gilbert uncrated several thousand models in a building on the grounds of the Garrison Inn, which the Gilberts own and use not for rental as nightly lodging but for other commercial ventures, ranging from auctioning antiques to catering wedding parties. The models were more or less uncleaned and were crowded together on large tables and they resembled, in O. Rundle Gilbert's view, "a bunch of clutter." But by advertising in a few New York publications that anyone who showed up at the Garrison Inn during one four-day period could buy patent models for twenty-five dollars each, Bob Gilbert sold a thousand models. He also held an auction, against his father's better judgment, and again the models brought an average of twenty-five dollars apiece—the improvement over the 1943 debacle at the Architectural League, O. Rundle Gilbert figures, having been caused by the development of American interest in American (rather than European) antiques during the intervening years.

But Bob Gilbert's real interest was in finding a buyer for the entire collection. In a piece about his efforts that the *Times* ran in May of 1971, the headline was "100,000 Antique Patent Models Stacked in Barns," and the drop head was "Owner Tries to Sell Lot in Garrison for $10-Million." Through the four-day sale and the publicity and the auction, Bob Gilbert managed to stir up the waters of whatever pool of go-go enterprise had survived the sixties. Although it did not occur to anyone to offer ten million dollars for the lot, it soon became almost a commonplace for the Gilberts to receive a million-dollar offer one week from an entrepreneur who decided by the following week to drop his capital on someone else's doorstep. Someone in Santa Barbara was going to pay more than a million dollars for the collection, and so was someone in Pittsburgh. One potential purchaser showed up in Garrison first as a sort of broker for the Delehanty Institute, a company that runs various training schools in New York, and then as a principal in a California partnership that was going to form a model-selling corporation called American Historical Society, Inc.

Some of the offers foundered on one point or another during negotiations—often on the point of what a patent model really was, or, to put it another way, how many salable ones in good condition Gilbert really had. Some of the offers just seemed to melt away during discussion of how the payment would be made. One potential purchaser went as far as to enclose with his million-dollar offer one nicely printed sheet called "Merchandising Plans for a Patent Model Company" and another one called "A Proposal for the Establishment of a Patent Sales and Merchandising Company Through a Unique Underwriting." The merchandising plans included "premium department-store distribution" for a limited number of pieces, two special-interest museums (one in Washington and the other, of course, in Orlando, Florida, near Disney World), travelling displays in banks, an Inventors' Hall of Fame, reproductions for the gift market, a quarterly auction in New York, a direct-mail campaign, and a lecture program that would book retired patent attorneys into business clubs. The proposal for a unique underwriting, after acknowledging that "new companies are generally considered to be highly risky and speculative investments," suggested a technique that "virtually eliminates any down-side risk for the investor." Ordinarily, the proposal stated, the value of a share of stock increases only because of such factors as the performance of the company; the stock certificate itself has no inherent value. The patent sales and merchandising company, though, would issue a stock certificate (one for each share) that consisted partly of an original engraving by a famous artist—for a start, Salvador Dali. "Mr. Dali's work and that of other well-known, established artists generally appreciates 15% per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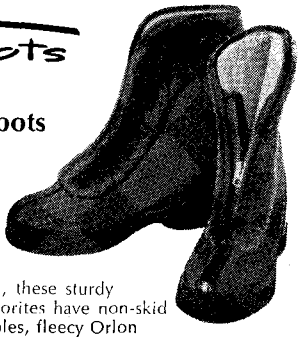
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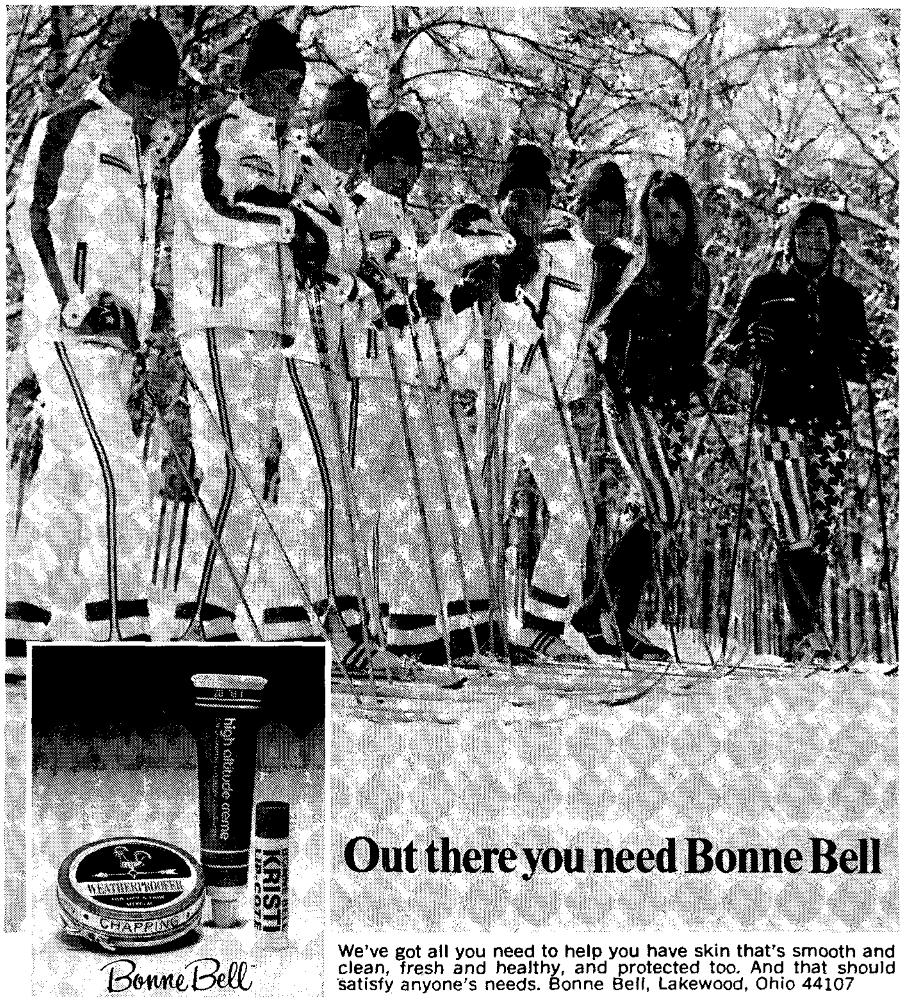

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year in value," the proposal concluded. "So, if the company should be unsuccessful in earning money from its patent models, the investor will still own a valuable security."

Mom's Apple Pie, Inc., came in with an offer toward the end of 1972. Mom's Apple Pie is a company in southern California that deals in the kinds of reproductions often sold in airports or hotel gift shops. Its offer to Gilbert arrived on stationery decorated with a picture of a plaque that said "Love is . . . bringing out the best of each other." The plaque on the envelope said "Love is . . . for sharing." As Mom's Apple Pie began negotiating for the models, an auction was about to take place. Mom's Apple Pie tried to persuade the Gilberts not to hold it. Executives from Mom's Apple Pie finally descended upon Garrison, in a swirl of buckskin fringe and hip bootery, and, even as O. Rundle Gilbert put one model after another on the block, they scurried around behind the scenes offering first an extra twenty-five thousand and then an extra fifty thousand dollars if the Gilberts would just stop the auction or let Mom's Apple Pie handle it. The Gilberts declined. For all of its mod ways, Mom's Apple Pie actually submitted the most businesslike proposition the Gilberts had received. But it was for only five hundred thousand dollars. O. Rundle Gilbert thought his jackpot was worth more than that.

As the go-go offers faded away, Gilbert held another auction, which brought an average of forty dollars a model. "I figured an auction every few months would be the ultimate solution for the models," Gilbert said not long ago. Forty dollars a model was not bad, at least compared to the kind of money brought in by, say, an exhibit featuring Hitler's car. A particularly attractive model could sometimes be knocked down for a hundred and fifty dollars. Bob Gilbert had given up on being the exclusive agent for the models by then and had moved away, but O. Rundle Gilbert and his wife had plenty of experience in handling auctions. They had begun to build up a mailing list. They circulated brochures. They prepared a detailed catalogue that had a picture and description of each model offered and a short history of the collection. "In 1925, Congress decided to sell all the models and eventually, in 1941, we acquired them," the history says. "Realizing the unique importance of these historic Patent Models, we have been reluctant to part with any of them, in hopes of establishing a permanent collection which can be viewed and appreciated by all Americans as a most crucial and fundamental part of their industrial heritage. However, in order to bring to public attention this oft-forgotten or ignored part of our industrial heritage, we are making available a few select pieces from our collection of Patent Models to collectors."

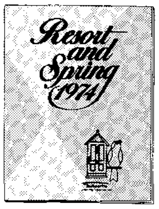
ALONG came Costa and Blum. Bentley Blum is a young man who has a bushy mustache and dresses informally and wears aviator glasses and says, when asked what he does for a living, "I finance companies, mostly." Nicholas Costa is also a young man, but he wears pin-striped suits. What is bought from Nick Costa has not been sold; it has been marketed. He has been a marketing consultant "for everything from cars to insurance policies," although what stuck in Gilbert's mind was Costa's marketing program for a stop-smoking organization called Smokewatchers International. Together, Costa and Blum are as modern as Mom's Apple Pie.

Blum says he first learned about the existence of the patent models last spring, when he read an article on them in *Smithsonian* magazine. He talked over the possibilities with Costa, and, after designing a marketing strategy, they approached Gilbert. For half of the income, they offered to market the models, acting as what amounts to exclusive agents. Gilbert was impressed with their marketing plans, and he liked the idea of continuing to be the owner of the collection. "These guys wanted to work with me for me," he said recently. "It appears to be the best thing that's come along in thirty years, and I've tried all of them." Costa and Blum reorganized themselves into the Institute of Industrial Heritage, Inc.

"In retrospect," Blum said recently, "what I did was to take a look at what makes something valuable—what builds marketability in the art world or the fashion world or anywhere. And from that I developed the collector's market concept." Behind the concept is what Costa calls "a three-pronged merchandising scheme." At first glance, all of the prongs seem like ideas that Gilbert has heard (or even tried) in the past—the sale of some models at selected stores, a permanent collection available to be rented for exhibits by banks or corporations or historical societies, reproductions of a few of the best-known models. The originality of the concept, Blum and Costa say, is that each element of the marketing scheme is handled in a way that enhances the two others—all working toward the day when many Americans have large and valuable collections of original patent models.

Reproductions obviously have to come last. "If we began reproductions without the market being established, we'd be making souvenirs," Blum says. The three-pronged marketing scheme works on the theory that nothing has value until it has been sold. "If Picasso had held all of his paintings in, they wouldn't be worth anything," Blum says. "There would be no market." The market has to be established at prestige stores at prestige prices. The stores have to be spread out across the country, so that there will not be great hordes of potential buyers who, because of being denied the opportunity to see patent models bought and sold for a good deal of money, fail to appreciate their value—in the way that a lot of people in New York or Boston may not appreciate the value of a Hopi kachina doll treasured by collectors in the Southwest. Then, a bicentennial exhibit of patent models sponsored, say, by the leading bank in southern California as a tribute to America's industrial heritage can only enhance the value of similar patent models sold in one of the leading stores of Los Angeles. A limited-edition reproduction can only enhance the value of the original model that is part of the collection owned by a prominent citizen in Beverly Hills, and the fact that the original is in the collection of a prominent citizen in Beverly Hills enhances the value of the reproduction. Something is made valuable.

Costa sees patent models as the ideal collector's item—fifty thousand one-of-a-kinds, every one of them certified authentic by the United States government. In the vision of the future Costa paints, people all over the country are collecting United States patent models. They treasure the duplicates of the official patent papers that accompanied their models—scale drawings and descriptions done on brownish paper, to simulate antiquity. They spend their spare time in research on the history of the inventions their models represent—in the hope of finding that, being in possession of, say, a model of the very same bag-folding machine that is used to fold bags today, they have hit a small jackpot of their own. They carefully peruse patent-model magazines and newsletters to see if someone who specializes in washing-machine models might have come across an important model of a night latch he would be willing to sell to a specialist in



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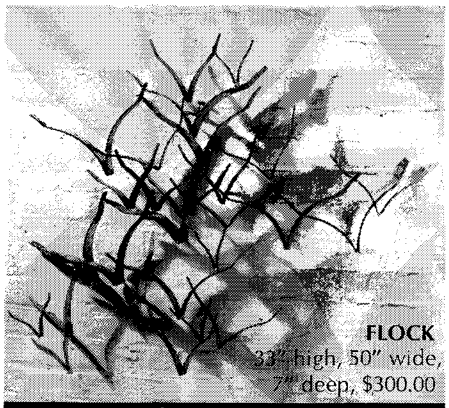

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doors. The collectors fill exhibition halls, pushing aside shows of such "collectibles" as antique bottles or pewter mugs. Some people are collecting reproductions. Patent models are appreciating faster than a Salvador Dali stock certificate. Even models that are damaged or completely uninteresting visually are becoming valuable as they fit into the collections of specialists. Nicholas Costa and Bentley Blum are very rich.

"THE Institute of Industrial Heritage, Inc., has been appointed to represent the entire collection," a press release from Hammacher Schlemmer said this fall. "Recently, the Institute decided to share this precious heritage and established a collectors' market in these historic artifacts of early America's ingenuity." For Hammacher Schlemmer, the patent models provided an appropriate element in its one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration. Bullock's Wilshire took out a large advertisement in the Los Angeles *Times* to announce its acquisition of a limited number of original patent models. In Washington, Garfinckel's had a press luncheon to celebrate the opening of its patent-model display. Neiman-Marcus was preparing to put patent models on exhibit in Dallas. In Garrison, O. Rundle Gilbert was busy removing rust and shining wood and gathering together enough models to supply several travelling exhibits.

Hammacher Schlemmer devoted one of its windows to a display of patent models. They did not look like "a bunch of clutter." There were only fifteen or twenty models in the entire window. Wood was polished. Brass was sparkling. Each model was on a pedestal that had been draped in red cloth. The lighting was splendid. A paper-bag machine from 1878 looked like a perfect miniature of a nineteenth-century industrial wonder—gears turning gears turning gears. It was priced at nine hundred and fifty dollars. On the fifth floor, another fifty or sixty models were displayed. Two or three of the plainer-looking ones were under two hundred dollars. A model of a skate that could be attached to a shoe, for instance, at one hundred and seventy-five dollars, looked like, well, a skate that could be attached to a shoe—except, of course, to a patent-model collector who specialized in skates.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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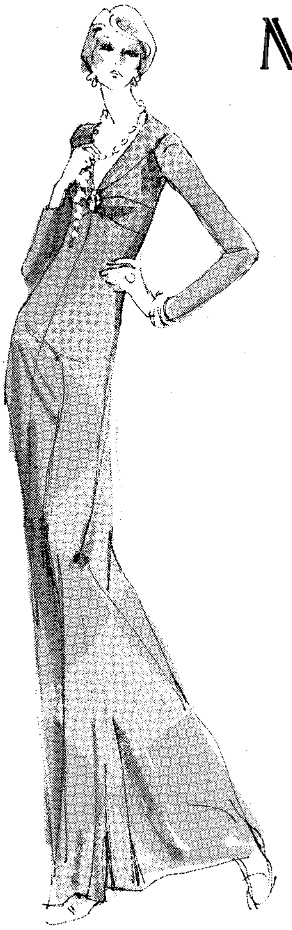

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

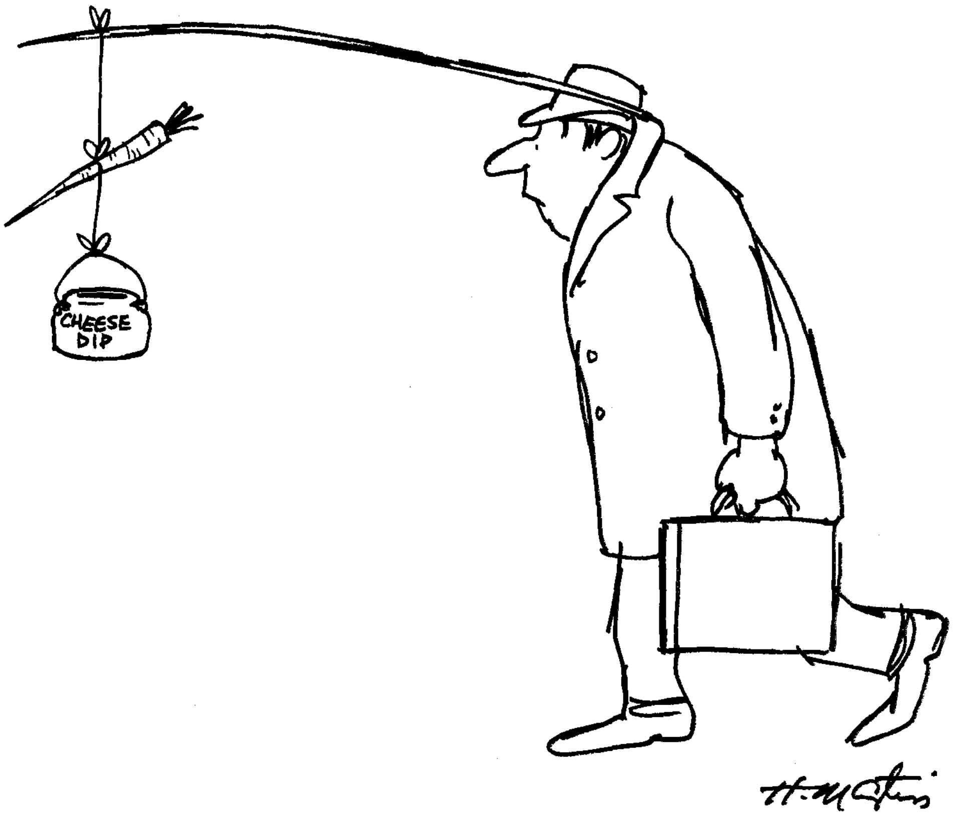
Back to the Ouija Board

SHALLOWNESS that asks to be taken seriously—shallowness like William Peter Blatty's—is an embarrassment. When you hear him on TV talking about communicating with his dead mother, your heart doesn't bleed for him, your stomach turns for him. Some people have impenetrable defense systems. You can't kid around with a man who says that he wrote "The Exorcist" because "as I went along writing my funny books and screenplays, I felt I wasn't making a contribution to the welfare of the world." He says that he looks upon it "quite frankly as an apostolic work." That the work has made him a millionaire doesn't make him a liar. Blatty is apostle to the *National Enquirer*, and to *Cosmopolitan*, in which the novel was condensed—so those Cosmopolitan Girls could make conversation without looking tired around the eyes. The crushing blunt-wittedness of the movie version, which he produced, tends to bear out Blatty's apostolic claims. Directed by William Friedkin, who won the Academy Award as Best Director of 1971 for "The French Connection," the film is a faithful adaptation of the Blatty book—and that's not a compliment. Blatty did the intractable screenplay, so Friedkin may have been faithful in spite of himself. The picture isn't a gothic horror comedy, like "Psycho" or "Rosemary's Baby;" it has been made as a heavy, expensive *family* picture. It's faithful not to the way many people read the book—as a fast turn-on entertainment—but to Blatty's claims about what the book was intended to be. It's an obtuse movie, without a trace of playfulness in it. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception.

Following on the success of "Rosemary's Baby" (Rosemary gave birth to a cloven-hoofed infant, her actor-husband having mated her with Satan in exchange for a Broadway hit), Blatty, a veteran screenwriter, developed an outline for a novel about the demonic possession of a child, and Marc Jaffe, of Bantam Books, subsidized the effort. Harper & Row picked up the hardcover rights, and the movie deal (stipulating that Blatty was to produce) was made even before publication. Blatty, who once hoaxed people by impersonating a Saudi Arabian prince, and whose screen credits include a hand in "Darling Lili," "The Great Bank Robbery," "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," "Promise Her Anything," "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," etc., is not an austere writer. The key personnel in "The Exorcist" are (a) Chris MacNeil (Ellen Burstyn), a beautiful movie-star mother, divorced, agnostic; (b) her twelve-year-old daughter, Regan (Linda Blair), who becomes a foul-mouthed, sex-obsessed, blaspheming, church-desecrating murderess; (c) Father Damien Karras (Jason Miller), a tormented Jesuit psychiatrist who is losing his faith; (d) a joky, warmhearted Jewish police lieutenant (Lee J. Cobb); (e) a distinguished, ascetic priest, Father Merrin (Max von Sydow), whose archeological work has somehow—it's not made clear how, in either the book or the movie—released the demon that takes over Regan.

The book features a murder victim—a British movie director—whose "head was turned completely around, facing backward;" little Regan rotating her head; little Regan masturbating with a crucifix and grabbing her mother and forcing her mother's face against her bloody vagina; vomit propelled from Regan's mouth into people's faces. And what Blatty didn't manage to have his characters do he had them talk about, so there were fresh atrocities every few hundred words. Like the pulp authors who provide flip-page sex, he provided flip-page torture, infanticide, cannibalism, sexual hysteria, werewolves. The book is a manual of lurid crimes, written in an easy-to-read tough-guy style yet with a grating heightening word here and there, supposedly to tone it up. ("When the Mass was over, he polished the chalice and carefully placed it in his bag. He rushed for the seven-ten train back to Washington, carrying pain in a black valise.") The book turns up on high-school reading lists now, and the Bantam edition carries such quotes as "Deeply religious . . . a parable for our times" and " 'The Exorcist' should be read twice; the first time for the passion and horrifying intensity of the story, with a second reading to savor the subtleties of language and phrasing overlooked in the mounting excitement of the first perusal."

For the movie, Blatty had to dispense with a subplot about the butler's daughter, and, of course, he couldn't retain all the gory anecdotes, but the basic story is told, and the movie—religiously literal-minded—shows you a heaping amount of blood and horror. This explicitness must be what William Friedkin has in mind when he talks publicly about the picture's "documentary quality." The movie also has the most ferocious language yet heard in a picture that is rated R, and is thus open to children (to those whose parents are insane enough to take them, or are merely uninformed). "The Exorcist" was budgeted at four million dollars,



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but, what with swivelling heads, and levitations, and vomit being spewed on target, the cost kept rising, and the picture came in somewhere around ten million. If "The Exorcist" had cost under a million, or had been made abroad, it would almost certainly be an X film, but when a movie is as expensive as this one, the M.P.A.A. rating board doesn't dare to give it an X. Will people complain? I doubt it; the possible complainers have become accessories. Two Jesuits appear in the cast and served, with a third, as "technical advisers," along with a batch of doctors. Besides, the Catholic Church is hardly likely to be upset by the language or actions in a film that says that the Catholic Church is the true faith, feared by the Devil, and that its rituals can exorcise demons. The two heroes of the film are von Sydow and Jason Miller, both playing Jesuits; Georgetown University coöperated with the production, which was shot partly in Georgetown; and one of the Jesuit actor-advisers enriched us, even before the film was finished, with information about its high moral character ("It shows that obscenity is ugly . . . vicious ugly, like the Vietnamese news"). The movie may be in the worst imaginable taste—that is, an utterly unfeeling movie about miracles—but it's also the biggest recruiting poster the Catholic Church has had since the sunnier days of "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's."

Whatever Blatty's claims, if "The Exorcist" scares people that's probably all it has to do, in box-office terms, and basically that's all the whole unpleasant movie is designed to do. "People only go to movies for three reasons, to laugh, cry, or be frightened," Friedkin has said. And "There are only three reasons to make a movie, to make people laugh, to make them cry, or to frighten them." The scaring here is a matter of special effects and sound and editing—the roaring-animal noises from the attic coming at the right instant, Regan's bed shaking just enough, the objects in her room flying about without looking silly, and so on. If the audience ever started giggling at the sounds and tricks, the picture might collapse, because it's entirely mechanical and impersonal. Von Sydow brings some elegance to his role, and the makeup that ages him is one of the most convincing aging jobs I've ever seen, but once you perceive that his Father Merrin is saintly and infirm, that's it. As Father Karras, the most active character, Jason Miller does the gloomy, tormented John Garfield bit—and it's

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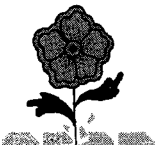

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a wheeze by now. All the performances are; there's nothing the actors can do with the juiceless stock roles.

The book's success may relate to its utter shallowness; the reader can go at a fast clip, following the plot and not paying any attention to the characters. But in the movie version the psychology, which is tiresomely moralistic (as in a fifties TV drama), is dead center. There we are with the freethinking mother feeling guilty about her divorce and its effects on Regan; we may not know why the demon picked on Regan, but we're tipped that that broken home—the first step to Hell—gave the Devil his chance. And there we are with the creaking goodness of the Jewish cop, and the jocular bonhomie of the Jesuits. It's all so tired that we can keep going only on fresh atrocities. Apart from the demonic special effects, which are done in staccato quick cuts, the picture is in a slugging, coercive style. It piles up points, like a demonstration. Friedkin, beloved of studio heads for such statements as "I'm not a thinker. . . If it's a film *by* somebody instead of *for* somebody, I smell art," is not a director given to depth or mystery. Nor is he a man with a light touch—a failing that appears to have been exacerbated by the influence of "El Topo." He has himself said that Blatty's book took hold of him and made him physically ill. That's the problem with moviemakers who aren't thinkers: they're mentally unprotected. A book like Blatty's makes them sick, and they think this means they should make everybody sick. Probably Friedkin really believes he is communicating an important idea to us. And the only way he knows how to do it is by surface punch; he's a true commercial director—he confuses blatancy with power.

As a movie, "The Exorcist" is too ugly a phenomenon to take lightly. Its gothic seriousness belongs to the class of those old Hearst Sunday-supplement stories about archeologists defiling tombs and the curses that befall them, and it soaks into people's lives. A critic can't fight it, because it functions below the conscious level. How does one exorcise the effects of a movie like this? There is no way. The movie industry is such that men of no taste and no imagination can have an incalculable influence. Blatty and Friedkin can't muster up any feeling, even when Father Karras sacrifices himself—a modern Christ who dies to save mankind. We in the audience don't feel bad when the saintly Father Merrin dies; we don't even feel a pang of sympathy

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when the words "Help Me" appear on Regan's body. From the mechanical-scare way that the movie works on an audience, there is no indication that Blatty or Friedkin has any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or her mother's, any feeling for God or terror of Satan. Surely it is the religious people who should be most offended by this movie. Others can laugh it off as garbage, but are American Catholics willing to see their faith turned into a horror show? Are they willing to accept *anything* just as long as their Church comes out in a good light? Aren't those who accept this picture getting their heads screwed on backward?

Somewhere in the publicity for the film there was an item about William Friedkin's having looked at five hundred little girls before he chose his Regan, and, indeed, Linda Blair is a sparkling, snub-nosed, happy-looking little girl, who matches up perfectly with Ellen Burstyn. I wonder about those four hundred and ninety-nine mothers of the rejected little girls—or about the hundred and ninety-nine, if that's a more reasonable figure. They must have read the novel; they must have known what they were having their beautiful little daughters tested for. When they see "The Exorcist" and watch Linda Blair urinating on the fancy carpet and screaming and jabbing at herself with the crucifix, are they envious? Do they feel, "That might have been my little Susie—famous forever"? —PAULINE KAEL

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EDITOR:

We are very pleased with "The paper shortage, The paper crisis, The paper squeeze" article in your October issue. It is nice to be included in such a good, informative and timely article.

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[*From "Travels in the United States in 1847," by Domingo Faustino Sarmiento*]

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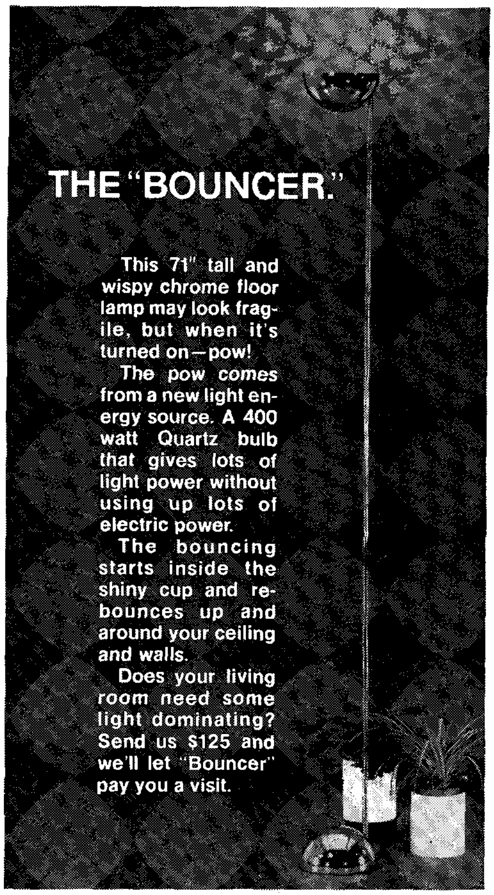

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Copland at the Philharmonic

"CONNOTATIONS FOR ORCHESTRA" is the work that Aaron Copland wrote in response to a commission from the New York Philharmonic for the opening of its new home in Lincoln Center, and it was none too well received at the inaugural concert of September, 1962. To the dignified audience that had gathered for that festive occasion it probably seemed too tough and demanding a piece; still more so, I daresay, to thousands of television listeners. Since that time, though it is available on record, "Connotations" has been infrequently performed—and was for that reason the more welcome when it was included in the last of Pierre Boulez' pre-Christmas Philharmonic programs at Avery Fisher Hall.

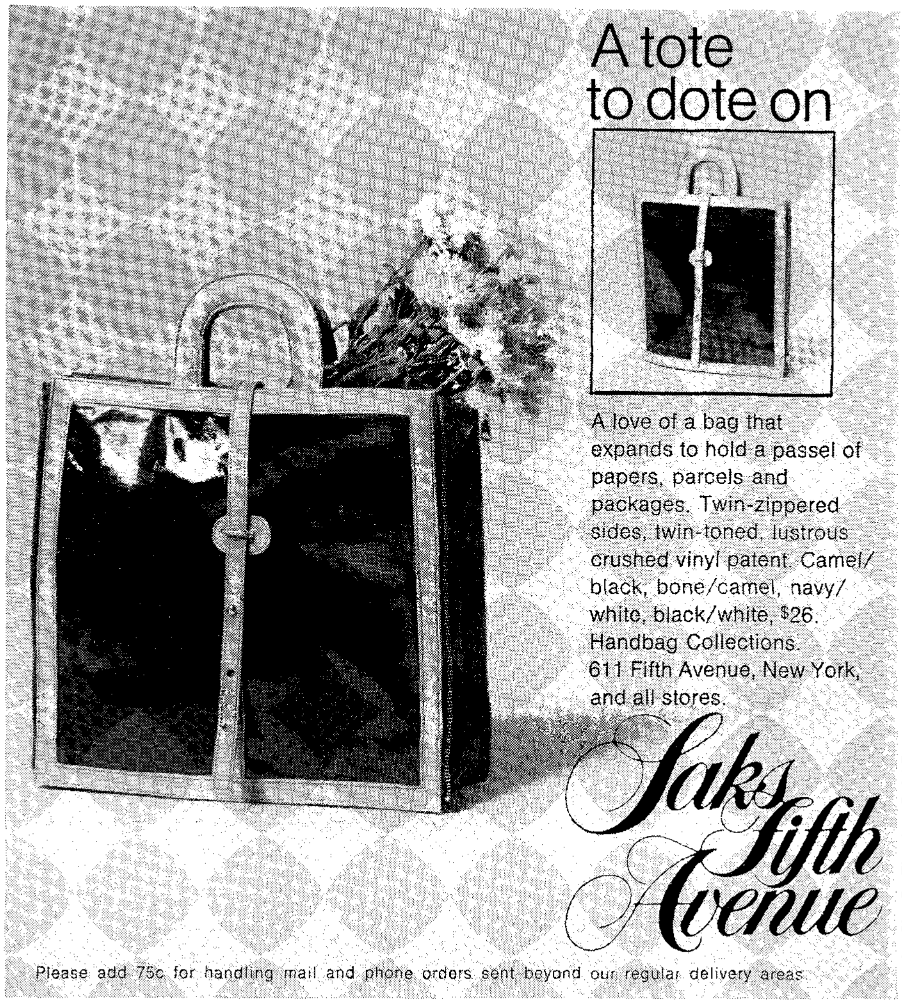
To speak of a compensatory triumph would be excessive; but there is no doubt that Copland's score on this occasion aroused eager attention and wide acclaim. He really knows how to compose. The work is beautifully put together: full of energy, variety, thought. I enjoyed it so much, and was so much interested in its procedures, that I returned next day for a second helping. Not for the first time, I felt that there has been too much talk of Copland as father figure and "American music's natural president" (Virgil Thomson's apt phrase) and rather too little insistence on the value of his music for its own sake. In an affectionate sketch contributed to *High Fidelity* on the occasion of his seventieth birthday (in November, 1970), Leonard Bernstein recalled Copland's rueful comment, a few years before, at the première of his "Inscape": "Do you realize there isn't one young composer here, there isn't one young musician who seems to be at all interested in this piece, a brand-new piece I've labored over?" For all I know, that particular situation may not have changed; but this time "Connotations" made an impact that could be felt.

It represents the severe, intellectual side of this warm and genial man; it is one of his twelve-note works, and speaks that language (for him, relatively new) with assurance. When, late in life, Stravinsky began to use note-rows, it was generally agreed that he had remained very much himself; and so it has proved with Copland. "Connotations" opens with a fierce, masterful gesture. Its note-row is presented in the form of three dense chords, thrice repeated in slightly varied form—close-packed nuggets of sound that rapidly expand and explode. There follows a set of variations, sometimes separate and sometimes overlapping; and they are wholly characteristic of his familiar sound-world. We find again the same rhythmic alertness and the same long-legged stride varied by jagged turns and twists. The sound, however dense, is never thick, but maintains a frosty clarity. There are angular leaps; halfway through the score, there is even a kind of hoedown, as in the ballet "Rodeo"—but a hoedown suggestive of intellectual rather than physical agility; there is also a kind of spare lyricism that we recognize from many of Copland's earlier scores. The music is intense and dramatic (the Italian equivalents of both these adjectives are printed at the head of the score), and not always quite easy to follow. The vertical (chordal) rather than lateral (melodic) presentation of the note-row means that there is less chance than usual for the listener to take it in at the outset, and therefore to feel much expectation or pull of the kind that he is used to feeling with tonal music. All the same, a unity is perceptible that must be ascribed to the composer's deft manipulation of his chosen series and its melodic intervals. It is the kind of music that Boulez completely understands, and he gave it a clear, definite, vigorous interpretation.

The rest of the program consisted of Handel's Royal Fireworks Music, Janáček's early and uncharacteristically plump Lachian Dances, and Mozart's F-Major Piano Concerto (K. 459), with Peter Serkin as soloist. This glorious and relatively unfamiliar concerto was written a year or two before "Figaro," and has something in common with that opera in what we may call playful command of the art of composition; very "Figaro"-like, for example, are those passages during the first movement in which some of the players break into triplets while others have a figure of repeated notes with a final chirp—or the same two elements are shared, either way round, between soloist and orchestra. Serkin and Boulez adopted a speed that was marginally too fast for these passages to exert their full charm—just as it sometimes involved both violins and keyboard in a smudging of the dotted note in the first bar of the first subject. But the performance was basically sound, and developed considerable subtlety during the second and third movements.

EXCEPT for the Almaviva (Luigi Alva) and the Dr. Bartolo (Fernando Corena), all the principals of the Metropolitan Opera's Christmas Day revival of Rossini's "Il Barbiere

"That's the Stone Age for you."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di Siviglia" were new to their roles in the house; and, considering the minimal rehearsal time that is available when standard works are added to a large repertory, the performance went pretty well. The orchestra was in good form but for a little trouble in the horn department; and John Pritchard's direction had a lilt and grace that were just right for the delightful score.

The most important of the newcomers onstage was Frederica von Stade as Rosina. Already well known for her Cherubino and numerous smaller roles, this musical and intelligent mezzo charmed the audience with her modest, engaging demeanor and clear, agile singing. She looks markedly un-Spanish, and might be one of the more lively heroines of Victorian fiction; but soon after she had started on "Una voce" a sudden and loving *piano* inflection on the first "Lindoro" (her suitor's assumed name) showed her to be thoroughly inside the part. I also greatly enjoyed the Figaro of Dominic Cossa, a tall and supple fellow who might well prove (to cite Beaumarchais, quoted in the program) "the terror of husbands, the darling of wives," and who had no need to resort to falsetto when he had to imitate the tenor's sentimental high A in the last-act trio. Mr. Alva is not quite Beaumarchais's "young Spanish lord . . . vital and passionate," and a sweeter, fuller tone is certainly wanted for the love songs; but he is a master of absurd disguise and comic routine, and therefore able to carry off the later scenes with telling glee. Mr. Corena, who felt vocally out of sorts and omitted his aria, made nonetheless a very funny and resourceful Dr. Bartolo, in contrast to Ezio Flagello, who sounded fuzzy as Don Basilio, and whose notions of comedy did not get far beyond red football stockings and bare knees under a greasy soutane. Cynthia Munzer made a good deal of the *aria di sorbetto* that is Berta's sole opportunity, with a wild and somewhat distraught look that suggested an incipient Azucena.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

•

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try to pick up unused silver,
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One-half cup sugar
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One-half cup (about five) ice
  cubes

—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

And neatness counts.

BOOKS

How the Other Half Lives

Our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. We may go through life without suspecting their existence; but apply the requisite stimulus, and at a touch they are there in all their completeness, definite types of mentality which probably somewhere have their field of application and adaptation. No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. . . . Yet they may determine attitudes though they cannot furnish formulas, and open a region though they fail to give a map. At any rate, they forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality. —*William James in "The Varieties of Religious Experience."*

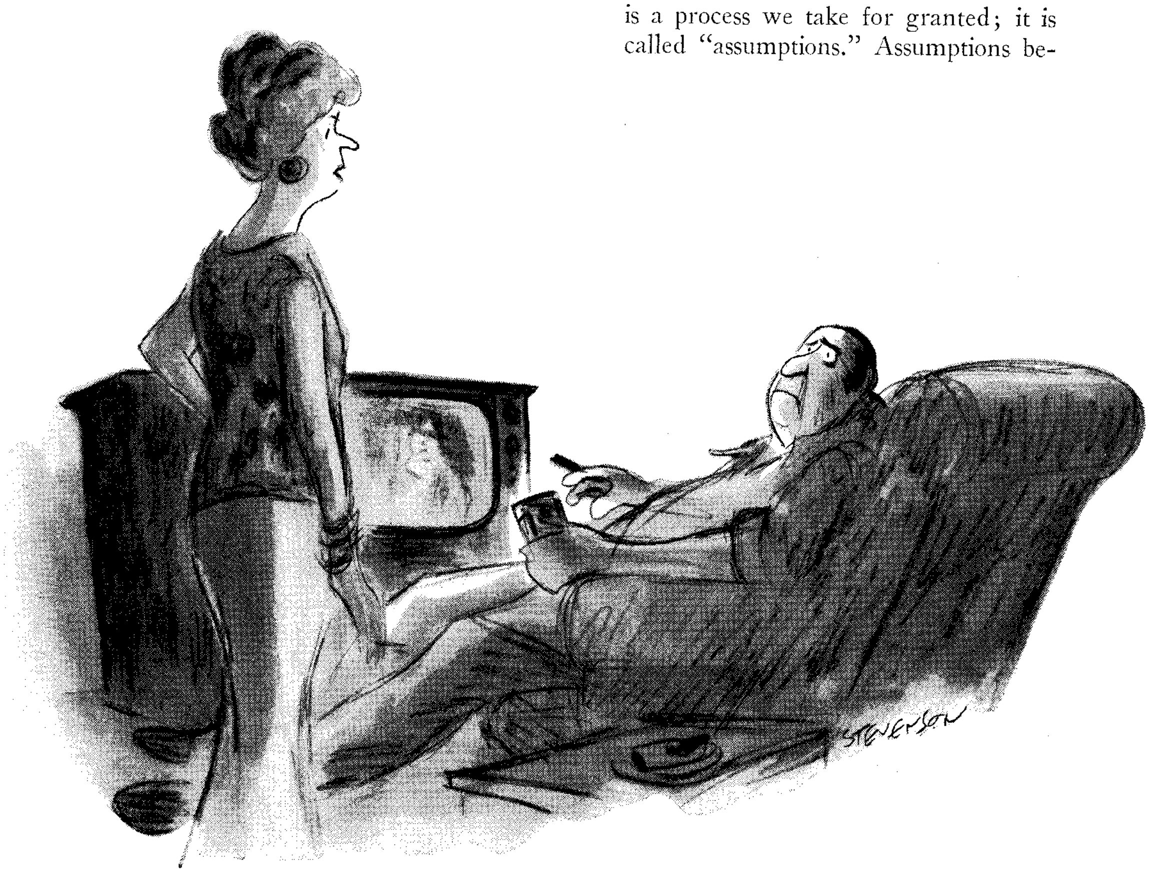
There are a thousand forms of mind.
—*Jalaludin Rumi in "Masnavi."*

WHEN Dr. Robert E. Ornstein, the author of "The Psychology of Consciousness," was a freshman in college, he signed up for Psychology 1. He had always wanted to find out more about how he functioned, about how he interacted with other human beings, about how human beings receive and process information from outside their own skins, about the phenomenon of consciousness, or awareness. The Psych 1 lecturer began his first lecture (this was back in the late fifties) with these words: "I know a lot of you are here because you want to know more about what makes you tick, about how you relate to other people, about how to extend and change your own consciousness. Well, I have to tell you that psychology has nothing to do with these things. Psychology consists mostly of a set of rules of how we know things."

Robert E. Ornstein looked at an I.B.M. registration card the lecturer had handed out at the beginning of the class. "What is this?" he said to himself. "Statistics 382? Am I in the right place?" He thought it over, and decided to take the course—which was Psych 1, all right—even if it was not about consciousness, and for the rest of that semester he studied rats. But he never lost his interest in consciousness, and, because he kept on with the course, he never left psychology, either. In the process of becoming a psychologist, he discovered that there were a number of other people in the field who shared both his interests, and he thought this was quite natural, because (as he has written) "psychology began as the science of consciousness, developing as a synthesis of natural philosophy and nineteenth-century science."

Now he has put together all the evidence on and the experience of consciousness that are available to an alert and eager psychologist, and written a book that was *not* available to either psychology majors or psychology teachers when he enrolled in Psych 1; namely, "The Psychology of Consciousness." The book is compiled both for students and professors and for a more general audience, and is published by the Viking Press, but it first appeared in a textbook edition put out by W. H. Freeman in 1972. There must be a widespread eagerness among academics for books about consciousness, for in the year or so since the textbook edition came out, "The Psychology of Consciousness" has been adopted for classroom use by two hundred and twenty-five colleges and universities in this country. And it won't surprise me if "The Psychology of Consciousness" enjoys a similar success with the rest of us, for this is a fine, fine book—lucid, unsmug, amazingly comprehensive, and fascinating. If I had read it when I was an undergraduate, I probably would have majored in psychology myself.

What is "consciousness"? And what do we know about it? Dr. Ornstein, who teaches medical psychology at the University of California Medical Center and is a research psychologist at the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, in San Francisco, suggests that there is a great deal of scientific evidence to demonstrate that our normal waking consciousness is a personal construction that has all too often prematurely closed its accounts with reality. Our normal waking consciousness is usually not aware that it has taken this step, nor is it aware of the reasons. There are a number of things that make us stop being aware, and we do not know all of them. One of the things that can block our awareness is a process we take for granted; it is called "assumptions." Assumptions be-

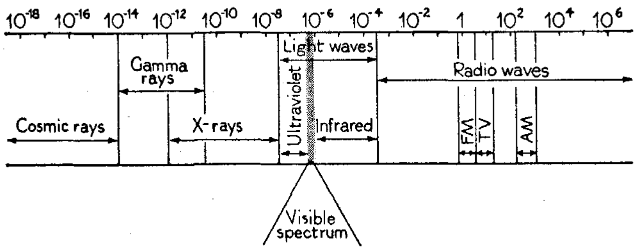


"Oh, for goodness' sake! Would the Miami Dolphins get that upset if you *lost out on a business deal?"*

gin to operate whenever we invoke one of the rules of thumb we all share. For example, while you have been reading the first four paragraphs of this, you have, of course, been breathing. But you probably were not *thinking* of that vital process until I called your attention to it, and you probably will no longer be thinking about your breathing by the time you reach the next paragraph—any more than I will be thinking about it when I start to write it. Where, in all this, is the assumption? Well, we have "assumed" that we need not pay attention to our breathing in order to do it properly, and, having made the assumption, we just don't.

Our assumptions obviously limit the data we deal with at a given moment. And even before our assumptions can come into play, our sense organs—the very organs we rely on for information about the world—are screening out great gobs of reality. In fact, they do this all the time. Here is a chart about sight in "The Psychology of Consciousness":

THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM



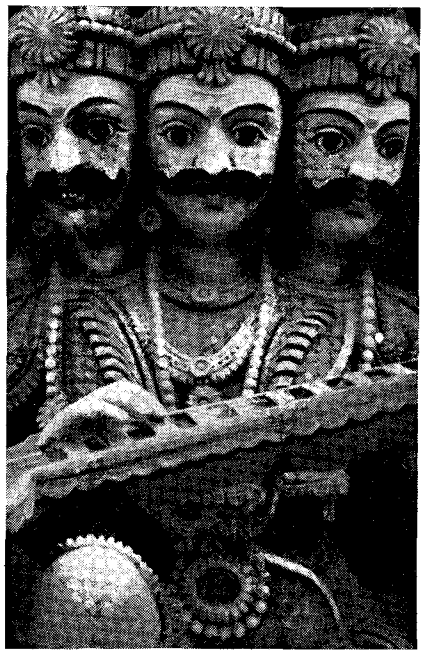
And here is Dr. Ornstein on the implications of that chart:

> As we learn to construct a socially acceptable personal consciousness, we learn to consistently associate, say, the experience of light with external objects. As we mature, this correlation is reinforced. Whenever a particular pattern of excitation is produced in the nervous system, we become more and more likely to be conscious of light energy from outside events. Our world becomes relatively stable; we become able to avoid danger successfully and to manipulate objects. We survive.
>
> But it is quite important here to consider that "light" is a dimension of human consciousness. In physical fact, the only difference between "visible light" and the nearby portions of the electromagnetic spectrum is in wavelength. Nothing sacred occurs in nature between the electromagnetic wavelengths of 390 and 400 billionths of a meter, yet we can perceive one and not the other. It is only the receptive characteristics of our eye which give a special place to a wavelength of 400 billionths of a meter, but not to one of 390.

Ordinary waking consciousness, Dr. Ornstein goes so far as to suggest, "is an exquisitely evolved personal construction, 'designed' for the primary purpose of individual biological survival. Sense organs and the brain serve to select the aspects of the environment which are most relevant for survival." Dr. Ornstein says that this normal waking consciousness is primarily an *analytical* consciousness, and calls it an "object-centered" consciousness: "it involves analysis, a separation of oneself from other objects and organisms." It enables us "to achieve a relatively stable personal world in which we can differentiate objects and act upon them. The concept of causality, linear time, and language are the essence of this mode."

Dr. Ornstein is the author of "On the Experience of Time," and, along with Dr. Claudio Naranjo, he has also written "On the Psychology of Meditation." Dr. Ornstein's fields of research are time experience, the psychology of meditation, biofeedback training, and the conscious functions of the two hemispheres of the brain. Drawing on the research he and others have done on these two hemispheres, Dr. Ornstein presents evidence that one of the hemispheres, the left one, organizes reality by means of the mode of consciousness we have just been discussing—the analytical, logical, sequential way of thinking that most of us have learned to take for granted. It turns out, however, that our right hemispheres are operating in a very different manner. Dr. Ornstein thinks it can now be demonstrated that the right hemisphere has an equally important function but a different specialization, and one that involves a completely different way of thinking and looking at things—another way of perceiving reality. We are all, he says, seeing things in two ways at the same time:

> If the left hemisphere is specialized for analysis, the right hemisphere . . . seems specialized for holistic mentation [that is, seeing things as whole]. Its language ability is quite limited. This hemisphere is primarily responsible for our orientation in space, artistic endeavor, crafts, body image, recognition of faces. [This is certainly something we all can recognize immediately—that names and faces are stored in separate compartments. "Of course I remember you; you're . . ." "The name is familiar but I just can't place the face."] It processes information more diffusely than does the left hemisphere, and its responsibilities demand a ready integration of many inputs at once. If the left hemisphere can be termed predominantly analytic and sequential in its operation, then the right hemisphere



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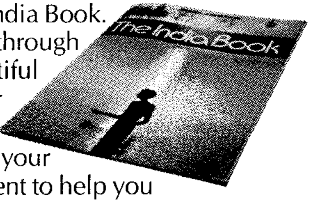

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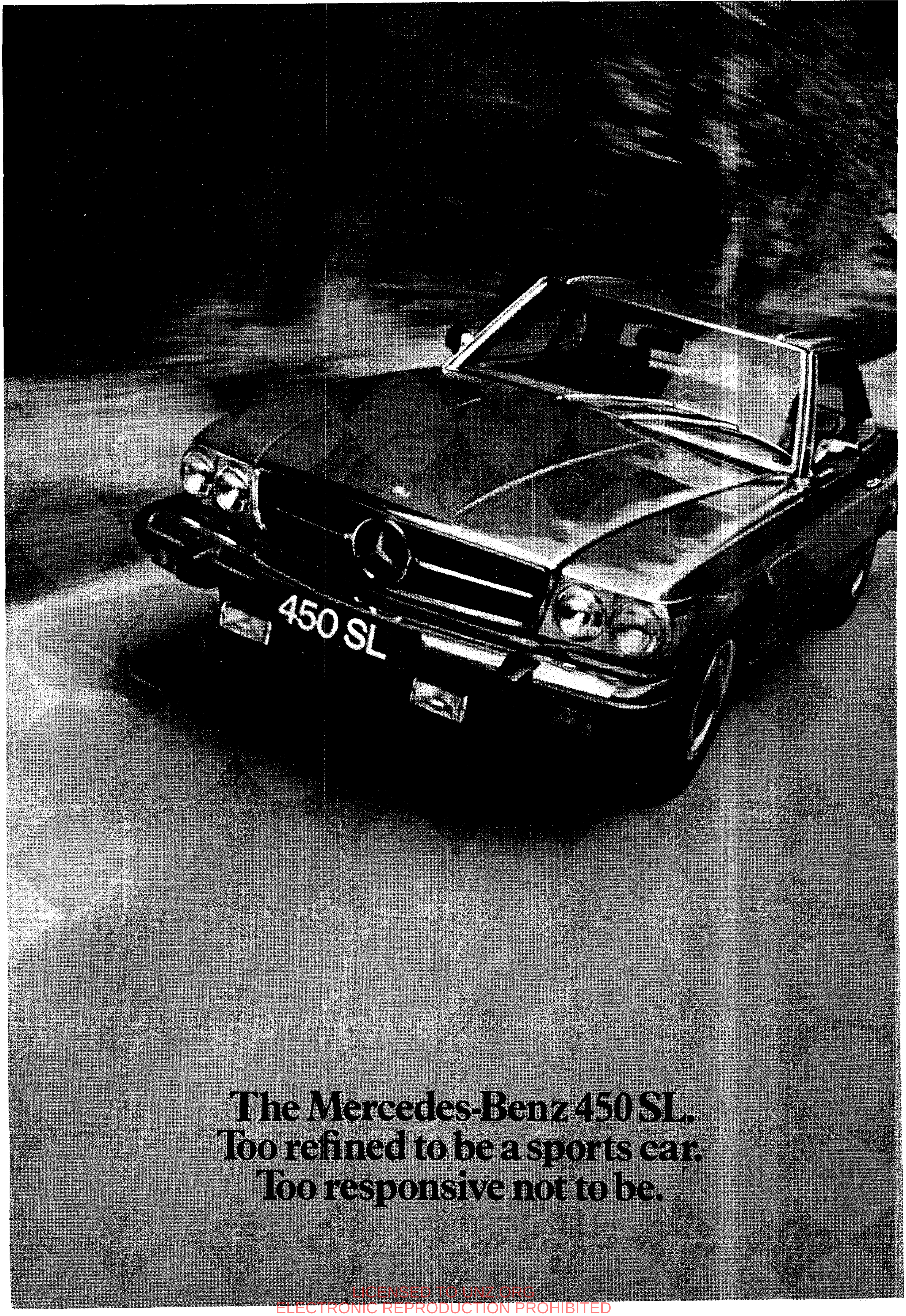
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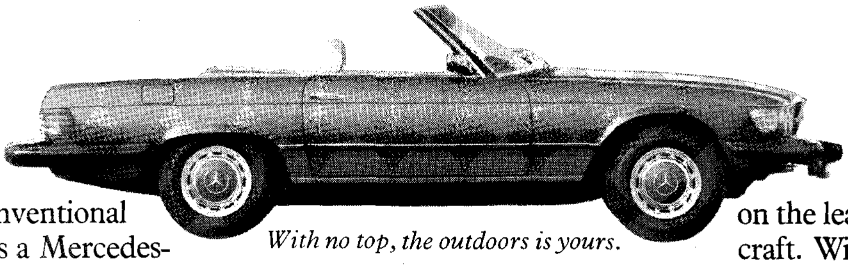

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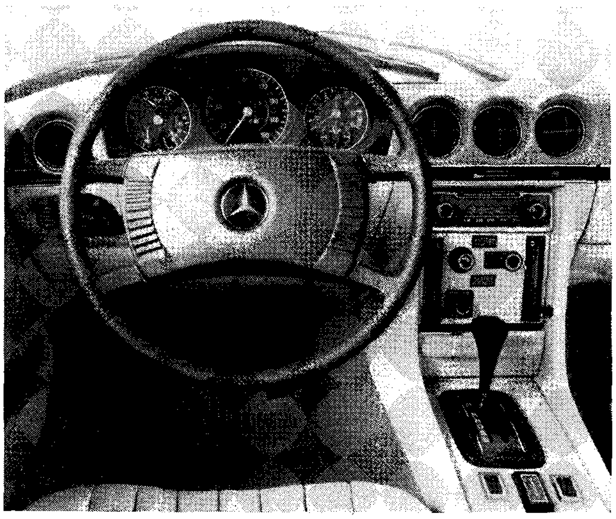

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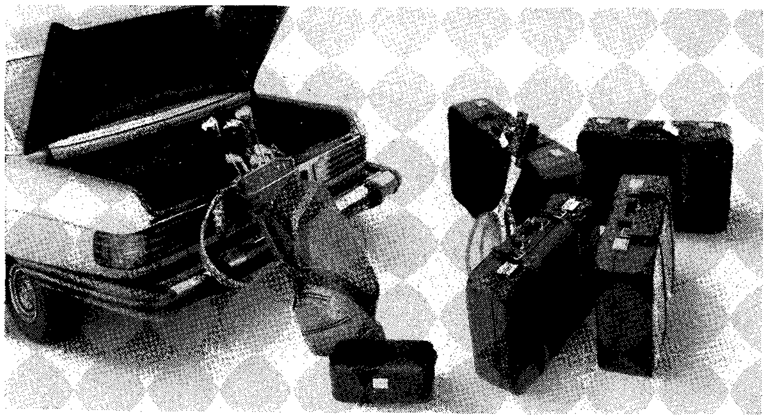

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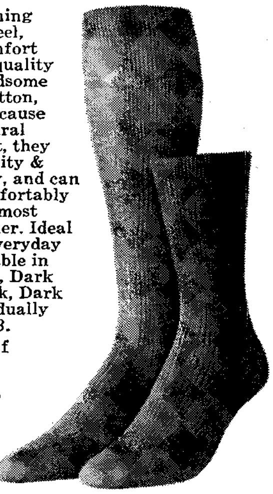

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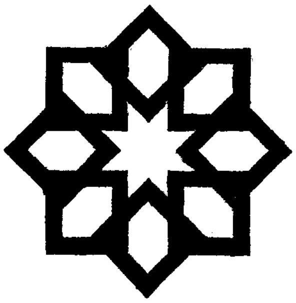
Dr. Ornstein takes note of how even the psychologists and the neurologists of our culture have organized their thinking around one-half of the brain power available:

> Throughout the clinical and neurological reports, there exists a tendency to term the left and right hemispheres the "major" and "minor," respectively. This seems more a societal than a neurological distinction. The dominant or major mode of our culture is verbal and intellectual, and this cultural emphasis can bias observations. If an injury to the right hemisphere is not found to affect speech or reason, then this damage has often been considered minor. Injury to the left hemisphere affects verbal functions; thus it has often been termed the major hemisphere.

On this matter he cites an old story from the Middle East (in a version by Idries Shah), whose hero, Mulla Nasrudin—best described as a sort of Oriental Everyman—has moved beyond a left-hemisphere existence:

> NEVER KNOW WHEN IT
> MIGHT COME IN USEFUL
>
> Nasrudin sometimes took people for trips in his boat. One day a pedagogue hired him to ferry him across a very wide river. As soon as they were afloat, the scholar asked whether it was going to be rough.
>
> "Don't ask me nothing about it," said Nasrudin.
>
> "Have you never studied grammar?"
>
> "No," said the Mulla.
>
> "In that case, half your life has been wasted."
>
> The Mulla said nothing.
>
> Soon a terrible storm blew up. The Mulla's crazy cockleshell was filling with water. He leaned over toward his companion. "Have you ever learned to swim?"
>
> "No," said the pedant.
>
> "In that case, schoolmaster, *all* your life is lost, for we are sinking."

"The Psychology of Consciousness" also examines meditation techniques and the traditional esoteric psychologies of the East, pointing out that these disciplines can be seen to be methods for training, exercising, and getting in touch with the right hemisphere. Chapter 7 of "The Psychology of Consciousness"—"The Education of the Intuitive Mode," which is devoted to a consideration of the practices and concepts of the traditional esoteric psychologies of the East—makes it clear that many of the practices of the Eastern traditions which at first have seemed so confusing, illogical, and childish to most of us in the West are in fact quite practical, and quite well thought out. It's just that you can't talk about them at any length; they have been designed to communicate with the right hemisphere, and, naturally, the right hemisphere doesn't do much of its work with words.

> The employment of spatial form, the special province of the right hemisphere, plays a large role in esoteric psychology. Often a room or an entire structure will be built in order to affect that mode of consciousness directly in a certain manner. One surviving example is the Alhambra, the Moorish temple, in Spain. It is intended to have an effect that is spatial, experiential, and difficult to encompass linearly. More familiarly, we can note the perceptual effects of Gothic cathedrals and churches, and of certain rooms whose structural pattern produces an effect on us.
>
> The student of esoteric psychology is often invited to contemplate specially constructed, two-dimensional geometric patterns, in the Middle Eastern "magic carpets" or in Yogic *mandala*. They may serve as the focus of concentrative meditation. Often an apparently simple form will contain many different levels of organization within it. The student may also attempt to see as many of these levels of organization as he can at once. One from the Sufi tradition is reproduced in Figure 7.1.
>
> A SUFI CONTEMPLATION OBJECT
>
> 

Dr. Ornstein then relates these traditional Eastern esoteric psychologies to modern Western scientific investigations of reality. He points out to present-day scientists that Roger Bacon, one of the first Western scientists, wrote, seven hundred years ago, that "there are two modes of knowing, those of argument and experience."

And Dr. Ornstein adds:

> The analytic, linear mode of consciousness cannot encompass many aspects of

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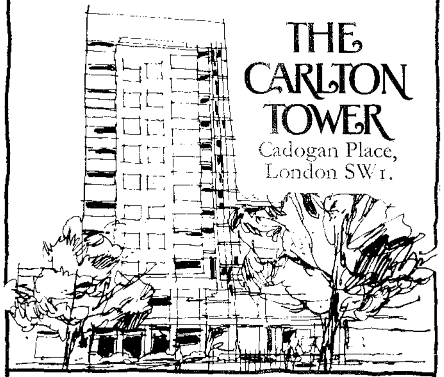

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life which many people want to experience and understand. That these phenomena have been "ruled out" of much of Western scientific inquiry does not lessen the need which many now feel to explore these areas personally. Meditation is an attempt to alter consciousness in such a way that other aspects of reality can become accessible to the practitioner, who can add personal knowledge to intellectual.

It's a good idea, Dr. Ornstein suggests, for us to learn how to use the right hemisphere more intelligently. It's fun, it's rewarding, it's exhilarating, it just might have something to do with our survival:

> The analytic mode, in which there is separation of objects, of the self from others (I-it relationship), has proved useful in individual biological survival, yet this mode apparently evolved to fit the conditions of life many thousands of years ago. The evolution of culture proceeds much more quickly than biological evolution, so the analytic mode may not be as all-important a criterion for our contemporary Western society as it once was. The awareness of separation was a great advantage when survival threatened an individual's existence; for instance, one could isolate an enemy animal, kill it, and use it for food. However, this basic need, for individual survival, is no longer quite so basic for many in the West. After all, most of us now buy our food; we do not need to hunt for it. Few readers of this book are in any danger of imminent starvation. Instead, the survival problems now facing us are collective rather than individual: problems of how to prevent a large nuclear war, pollution of the earth, overpopulation. And notice that in these examples, a focus on individual consciousness, individual survival, works against, not for, a solution. A shift toward a consciousness of the interconnectedness of life, toward a relinquishing of the "every man for himself" attitude inherent in our ordinary construction of consciousness, might enable us to take those "selfless" steps that could begin to solve our collective problems. Certainly our culture has too severely emphasized the development of only one way of organizing reality. Perhaps at this point in time we can begin to see that the complementary mode can have survival value for our culture as a whole.

At the beginning of "The Psychology of Consciousness," Dr. Ornstein defines his own undertaking. "This book," he says in his preface, "is a look ahead, an attempt to push beyond the immediate scientific evidence, in order to reach a new perspective." It has certainly changed my own perspective on many matters. It is a book with a great number of implications—among them that we can all learn how to make use of our whole selves and that anyone who does will find that he is a rich and varied person, full of talents and intelligence and problem-solving

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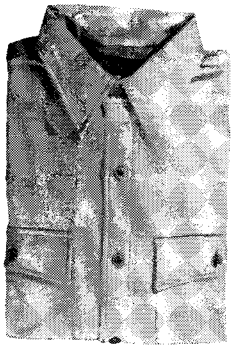

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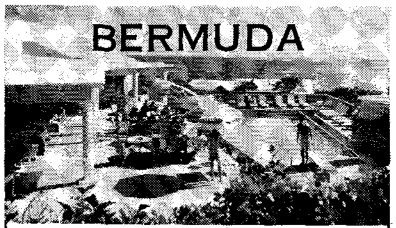

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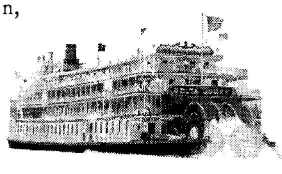

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FICTION

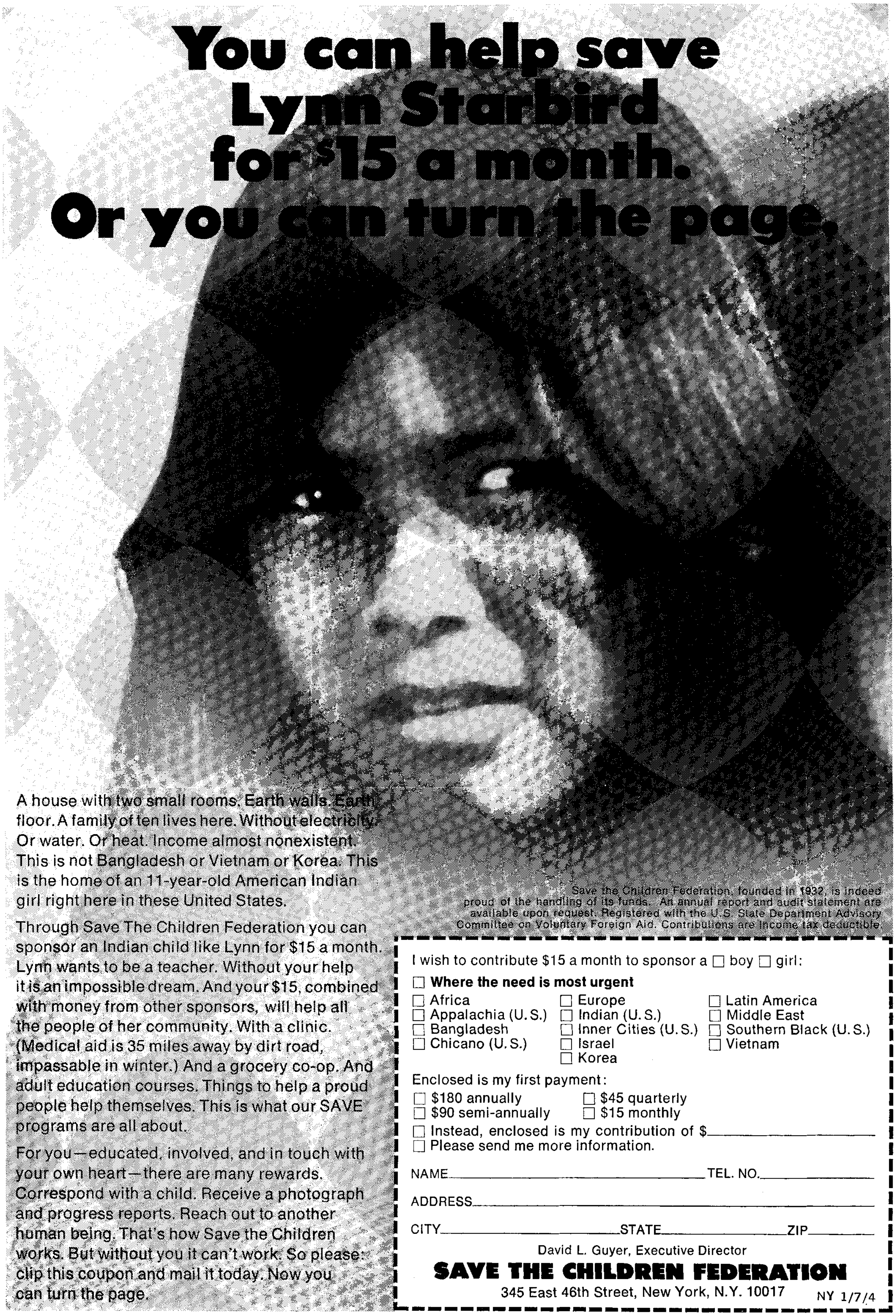
THE SLIPWAY, by Graham Billing (Viking). Geoffrey Targett is the respected son of a well-to-do New Zealand shipping magnate, and his life has come to revolve increasingly around drinking and decreasingly around anything else. He is almost bankrupt, the last ship of his family's once famous fleet is going to be used for target practice by the Navy, and his wife and children are finding it harder and harder to accommodate to his moods and binges. Mr. Billing probes the intricacies of Targett's self-deception brilliantly and leads us, in an almost excruciatingly believable way, through the morass of guilt that Targett experiences as he sidles fearfully along the hedges toward the local tavern of his small seaport town. Unfortunately, excellent as this book is as a study of an alcoholic, it never expands far enough beyond the limits of Targett's obsession to become a really satisfying work of fiction.

DESPERATE GAMES, by Pierre Boulle, translated from the French by Patricia Wolf (Vanguard). Watching a dumb political interview show on TV one night, a group of brilliant, humane scientists decide that venal politicians are destroying the world and that *they* (high-minded internationalists that they are) ought to be running things. So they take over the world (a panel of Nobel Prize winners administers a test to see who should do what), and before you can say "Brave New World" they have eliminated poverty, disease, ignorance, and war. Before too long, of course, the Scientific World Government finds that it has created as many problems as it has solved, and how its leaders extricate themselves from their many dilemmas is as trite and unlikely as everything else about this book.

GENERAL

DE GAULLE, by Brian Crozier (Scribners). A detailed, absorbing work; its opinions may be open to dispute, but the level of its research and the quality of its writing are not. From boyhood, Mr. Crozier finds, de Gaulle was brilliant, domineering, opinionated, outspoken. He was good at commanding but bad at obeying; this slowed his military career. He was rebellious not merely against people but against facts: he would not accept France's defeat, he would not take France and Frenchmen as they were. Mr. Crozier traces de Gaulle's detestation of "*les Anglo-Saxons*" to the humiliations he suffered during the war at the hands of Roosevelt and Cordell Hull; he never forgave the Americans, and he felt that the British, in yielding to American power, were betraying France and Europe. De Gaulle's acquisition of power in circumstances so adverse was, Mr. Crozier believes, masterly. Less masterly, he points out, was de Gaulle's retirement in 1946, under the mistaken impression that Frenchmen would insist on his immediate return. That mistake, Mr. Crozier believes, had especially bad consequences, for when de Gaulle was at last recalled, in 1958, he was not only older but far, far bitterer—more contemptuous of Frenchmen, angrier at France's allies—and he devoted himself to a foreign policy that was either ineffectual or pernicious. De Gaulle could not make France a great power but he could, and did, retard the growth of European unity. Mr. Crozier emphasizes repeatedly that de Gaulle refused to be a dictator, though he had plenty of chances to become one—authoritarian, high-handed, and arrogant, but not tyrannical. This refusal to grasp total power adds greatly to de Gaulle's moral stature in Mr. Crozier's eyes. The failure, as he sees it, is this: "It was not his fault that he was born in the wrong century for a career of the scope of Richelieu or Napoleon I. But it *was* his fault to have behaved as if he were living in a previous century." Mr. Crozier's reflective and earnest summing up, though, may undervalue a good deal that should not be interred with de Gaulle's bones: 1940 was Winston Churchill, the R.A.F., and de Gaulle, too—a permanent, inspiring legacy of courage and hope.

BEFORE CIVILIZATION: THE RADIOCARBON REVOLUTION AND PREHISTORIC EUROPE, by Colin Renfrew (Knopf). Any book by an archeologist explaining how radiocarbon dating altered scientific ideas about prehistory may sound like heavy going. This is such a book,



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and it is enthralling. Dr. Renfrew is a very good explainer, and what he explains entails a whole new view of human beings—their lives, their social organizations, and their creative capacities. He tells us that 3100 B.C. in Egypt is the earliest calendar date we have (and how we come to have it), and then tells how, for years, archeologists, using this date as their starting point, evolved theories by which almost anything and everything they found in Northern Europe—pottery, jewelry, metalwork, architecture—was supposed to have been diffused from the Mediterranean to Europe's barbarians. Radiocarbon dating revealed that many European prehistoric monuments were much older than the Mediterranean ones from which, in theory, they had derived, and Dr. Renfrew recounts the scholarly debates caused by these discoveries, but he is far more interested in the new approach to understanding early man that they make possible. His concepts are compelling.

DEFEATED: INSIDE AMERICA'S MILITARY MACHINE, by Stuart H. Loory (Random House). An exposé or an indictment that finds the American armed forces guilty of physical cowardice (overreliance on machinery at the expense of human skills and courage), bad leadership (which permits this pattern to persist), and moral cowardice (officers who recognize these inadequacies do not speak up for fear of compromising their futures). In addition, the armed forces are racist and exploitive and contemptuous of their enlisted men. Mr. Loory has chapters on graft, on personnel-selection procedures—on practically anything you can think of—all illustrated by interviews and anecdotes. The blame, he believes, is very heavily with the nation's past civilian leaders—Kennedy and Johnson and McNamara and others—who asserted civilian control beyond their competence, rejected (or frequently, as in the case of the Bay of Pigs, failed to seek) the advice of military specialists, and therefore kept ordering the American armed forces to do what they could not. Mr. Loory would like a thoroughgoing reform and a year of national service for every young American, male and female. He believes that the Soviet armed forces are absolutely tip-top and very dangerous, and that the United States should maintain very large, equally dangerous conventional forces as an

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BERIA PAPERS, by Alan Williams (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Williams clearly has been thinking hard about Clifford Irving, and the result is well worthwhile. The literary hoax to which he sets his band of attractive crooks—a defected Russian who grew up near the inner circles of Soviet power, an English novelist with a gift for pornography, and a Russian girl with an Israeli passport who can read and write the obscure Georgian dialect Mingrelian—is the steaming secret diary of Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria (1899-1953), chief, at the time of his violent death, of the OGPU and the N.K.V.D. The diary is a masterpiece of sexual and political scandal; indeed, in the large chunks that Mr. Williams allows us to read, it seems an impressively genuine document. It is a pleasure to watch its creation (on authentic Russian paper of the period, written on a Georgian typewriter of the period, and set down in the Mingrelian that was Beria's mother tongue), to watch the perpetration of the fraud on a canny American publisher, to watch the payment of the asking price of three million dollars. And it is just as entertaining to watch Mr. Williams resolve his explosive story.

THE SECOND DEATH OF RAMÓN MERCADER, by Jorge Semprun, translated from the French by Len Ortzen (Grove). Lately, there seems to be a lamentable tendency to take the thrill out of spy thrillers and to make them as ponderous and meaningful as possible. Jorge Semprun, who ought to know better (he wrote the book and screenplay for "La Guerre Est Finie" and the fast-moving script for "Z"), has done just that with this clunker about a spy who has the same name as Trotsky's assassin. (The name is made up.) The tease is whether or not the spy is the same man twenty-five years later, but after the umpteenth in-depth character study of agents of the American, Russian, and German spy networks one ceases to care about the answer.

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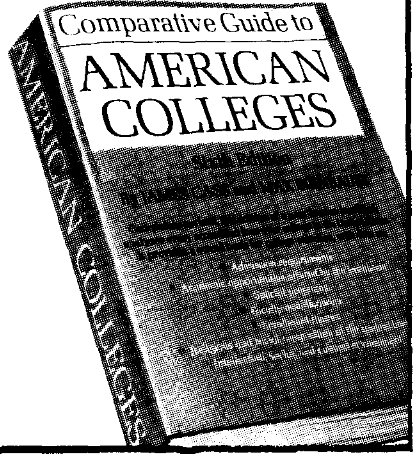

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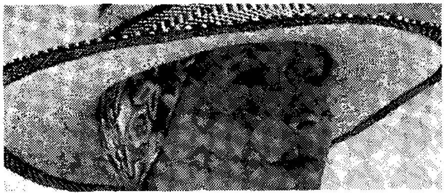

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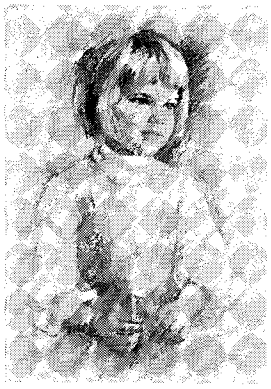

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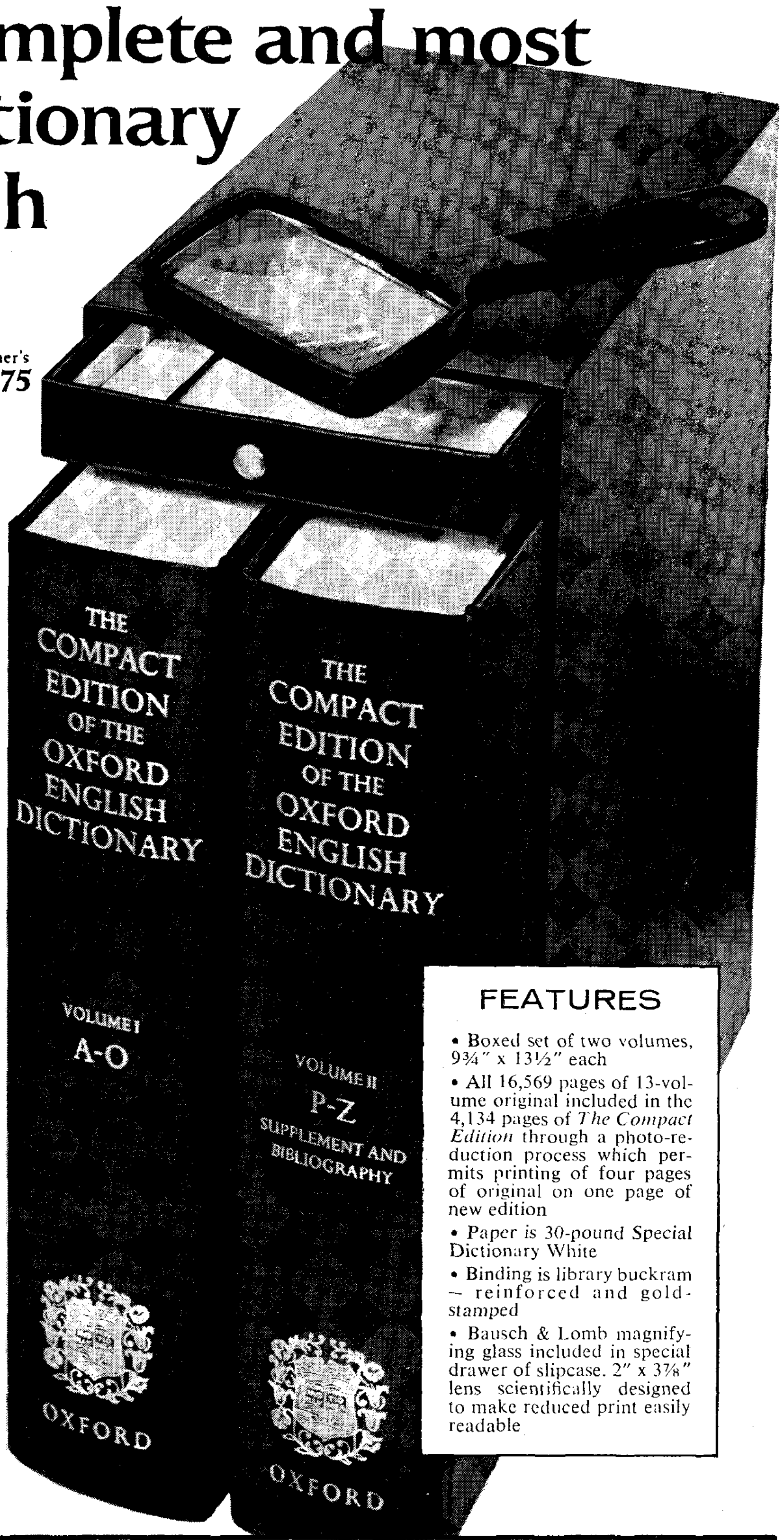

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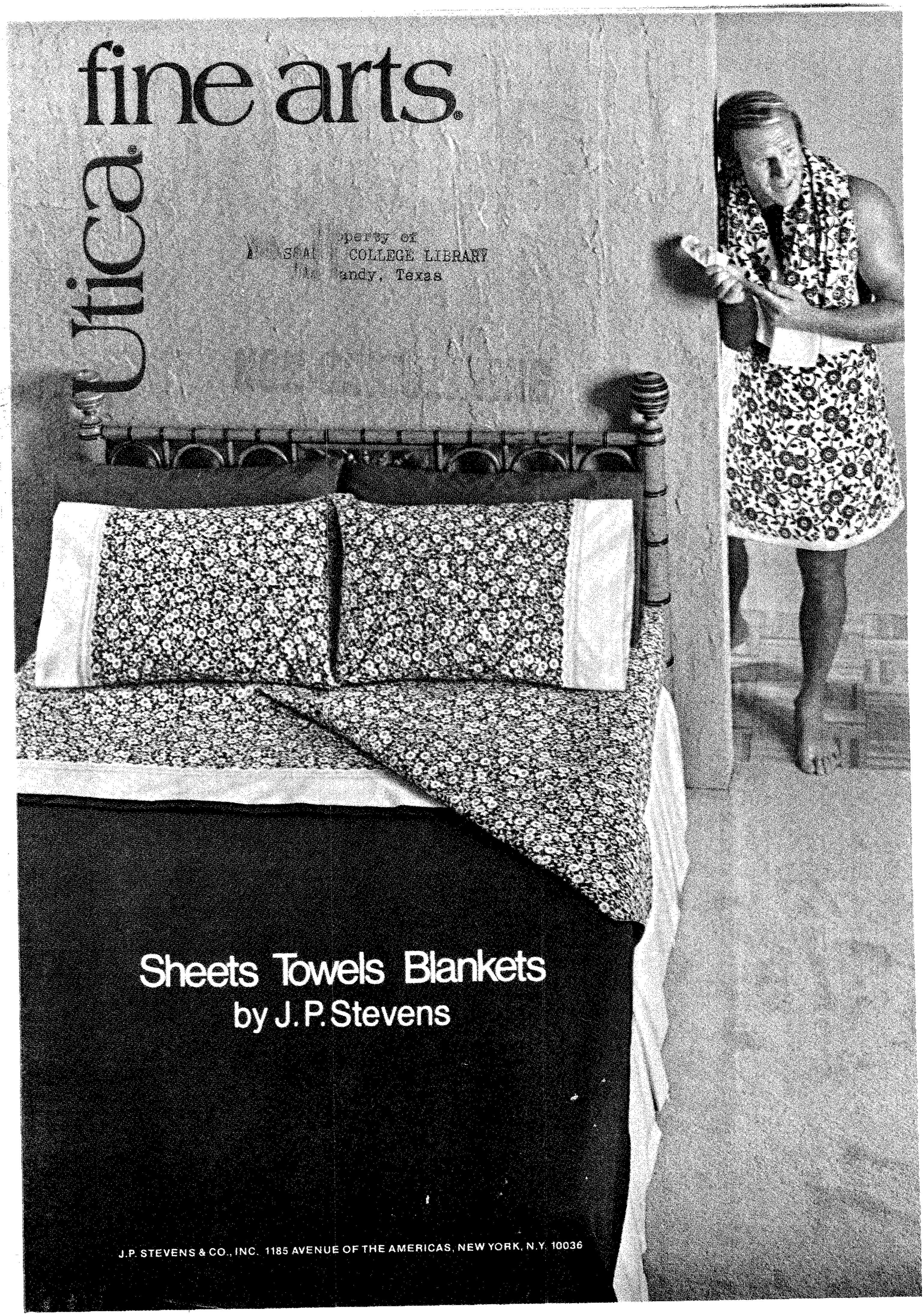
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